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IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN.

BY E. L. TENNEY.

It might have been! Oh, saddest words of all.
We dream and dream of scenes beyond recall.
Sad thoughts will come, and burning tears will fall.
For 'might have been.'

Oh, could we live our lives all o'er again!
Could we forget the present, with the pain
Of thoughts that are unspoken! All in vain.
It might have been.

It might have been. Oh, words of wild regret;
Sorrow for vanished hours, and yet—ah, yet—
Would we, if e'en we could, forget—forget
What might have been?

Ah, well! perchance for all some sweet hope lies
Buried deeply, maybe, from human eyes,
And none but God may ever hear our sighs
O'er 'might-have-been.''

God knoweth best; and though our tears fast fall,
Though none beside may know, He knoweth all,
All that is sad and lost beyond recall—
The 'might have been.'

THE GRAY CLOAK.

—OR—

My Lady's Diamonds.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FOR LIFE AND LOVE," "PRINCESS CHARMIAN," "SO NEAR AND YET SO FAR," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER III.—(CONTINUED.)

THUS adjured, Lord Heatherbloom repeated all the evidence against Floss that had come to his knowledge. Last of all, he told his brother of Mrs. Riddell's account of what had occurred on the night when the diamonds were stolen.

George listened to the whole story and when it was finished, cried out very impatiently—

"My Floss creeping out of a house at four in the morning with stolen jewels hidden under her cloak? Why, the thing is absurd on the face of it! Let me speak to Floss for two minutes, and it will be all cleared up."

"You mean by that that she will deny her guilt, and you will believe her, just because she is Floss. That will do no one any good."

"Never mind—I must see her!" declared George, moving towards the door impatiently.

"George!" said Lord Heatherbloom. Something so very serious was in the tone in which that word was uttered that George stopped and looked back. "You cannot have an interview with Floss. I shall not allow her to see any one again in this house but the maid that waits on her. As soon as possible, I shall take her into the country and arrange for her to remain in some quiet place where she shall be well cared for."

"You can't prevent my seeing her," cried George hotly—"she is my promised wife."

"That engagement must be considered at an end," said Lord Heatherbloom; "you can see for yourself that it must be so."

"Great Heaven," cried George, "how little you know me! Do you think I will give up Floss? Do you think anything you have said has shaken my faith in her? I say there is some frightful mistake; and, in spite of all appearances against her, I am ready to swear to Floss's innocence."

"Yes," said Lord Heatherbloom, "that is what I expected of you. It is what I should say myself if I were Floss's lover. I can understand that, loving her as you do, it must seem impossible to believe in her guilt and all the hideous deceit that must have accompanied it. I am more sorry for you than any words can express: but as her guardian I must do my duty and refuse to sanction the engagement. Come, George take the inevitable quietly. You cannot marry her unless the impossible should occur—unless she should be absolutely cleared of this. It is far better, then, not to see her again. I admire your honest heart, George. I wish to Heaven it was not wasted on a mere face!"

"Heatherbloom," said George, in a forced voice, very unlike his own, "don't talk like that; it makes me feel as if I could strike you!"

Lord Heatherbloom came to him and put his hand on his arm.

"No, George," he said, "don't let it cause any ill-feeling between us. Heaven knows how well I have loved that child myself! Have I not proved it—have I not treated her like my own daughter? Come, show a little common-sense, and remember this before you judge me too hardly. I see my duty and I must do it."

"I see mine also," answered George, "and I also must do it. Mine is to be true to the girl I love, and I mean to be."

"Be it so," said his brother. "As I said before, I admire you for it. Nevertheless, you cannot see Floss again whilst she is under this roof. When you are cool, you will see that I am right in making this decision."

George looked his brother in the face for one moment; what he saw there did not encourage him to speak any further. He turned away, took up his hat, and left the room. A moment later, and the front door slammed; he had left the house.

* * * * * *

When Lord Heatherbloom left Floss, she had fallen forward on the floor, and there remained motionless, as still as if she were unconscious.

But she was not. Her lips were quivering, and her eyes were wide open, and wandered aimlessly about the room. She was in that state which comes immediately after a terrible and unexpected mental shock. Her brain refused to grasp the meaning of what she had heard. She was repeating soundlessly to herself, "I stole the diamonds—I stole the diamonds!" but she did not understand what the words expressed. She was stupefied.

Not until George had left the house did any one come near her. As soon as he was free to do so, Lord Heatherbloom sent for Mills and briefly directed her to understand that she was not to be allowed to leave her own room.

Mills hastened at once to look after her charge. She found Floss lying upon the floor, with a piteous look of distress upon her lovely face.

It was a sight to touch any heart. Mills burst into tears, and sobbed and cried, and kissed Floss's hands.

"I know what it is, Miss Floss," she said kneeling on the floor beside her—"I know what it is, though his lordship wouldn't put it into words. Nor will he ever to any one but you, miss—I'm sure of that. But I know what it is; they think you took the diamonds. Oh, Miss Floss, I don't believe you did—I don't believe you did!"

The warm womanly sympathy, even though it came from a servant, and the touch of kindly hands roused the girl and brought back her wandering senses. She raised herself and looked up into Mills' kind face.

"Mills," she said very earnestly, "you are right; I did not take the diamonds."

"Why, miss, of course not; I never thought you did! What I can't make out is how the Earl ever came to suspect you."

"There was a rose from my dress, Mills, in the safe. Lord Heatherbloom found it himself. It was one I had worn that night—one of those that Mr. Hazel gave me."

"Somebody must have put it there, then, miss!" exclaimed Mills boldly. "I don't believe it was there when I put the opals away—I should have seen it."

Floss rose from the floor and began to walk up and down the room, while Mills cleared away the dresses and materials which lay about. Then the maid went away bolting the door behind her, but soon returned carrying a cup of tea.

"Drink this, Miss Floss," she said: "it will do you good."

Floss took it thankfully, and drank it off; she had not known till then how parched her mouth was. Then she began to walk up and down the room again holding her hands against her forehead and trying to think.

No one came near her but Mills, who tried by all sorts of unobtrusive service to ease the wretchedness in which Floss was plunged.

Until late at night Floss ceaselessly walked about her room—not until she was quite worn out did she throw herself upon the bed. No tears came even yet—she was too stunned; but by degrees she fell into a heavy sleep.

When she awoke in the morning, Mills was standing at her bed-side, holding a tray on which were a cup of coffee, some toast, and a letter.

Floss's eyes instantly saw this last. She sat up in bed and took the letter, half hoping to see George's writing. No—it was from Lord Heatherbloom. A wild hope rushed into her heart that he had written to say that all the hard words of yesterday, all the bitter feelings, had sprung from some dreadful mistake. She tore it open with trembling fingers and read it with a swift glance.

Then she fell back upon her pillows with a heavy sigh. It only begged her to confess what she had done with the diamonds, in order that they might be recovered.

"What is to become of me?" cried Floss, bursting at last into a passion of tears.

"That'll do you good, miss," said Mills; "you'll be able to think a little after that, when your head feels clearer. I want to speak."

"Speak now," said Floss, "I am better already. What can you have to say, Mills?"

"Well, it's not much, Miss Floss. But it has set me thinking. There's one downstairs that's begun to talk of leaving his lordship's service because of a fortune that's come to her. Now I've only heard this talked about the last day or two; and it seemed strange that it should be just now."

"Who is it Mills?"

"Well, miss, that's the strangest part of it. I hardly like to say, having known and respected her all my life. But I'd sooner suspect my own mother than you, Miss Floss."

"Tell me, Mills, who is it?"

"One that's got no reason to talk of fortunes or to need them," answered Mills, tossing her head a little—"for I'm sure she's made a pretty picking in his lordship's. I mean Mrs. Riddell, miss."

"Mrs. Riddell!" echoed Floss in profound amazement.

Mrs. Riddell's name and eminent respectability were to her mind convertible terms. Such a suggestion as this which Mills made struck her with utter astonishment. Mills saw this, and immediately began to justify herself in having made it.

"I am well aware, miss," she said hastily; "that everybody respects Mrs. Riddell so much in this house that such a thing wouldn't be thought of. I might be suspected—or you, miss—but not Mrs. Riddell. Now that's one great reason why she should do it—she is safe. And it is, to say the least of it, strange that she should go and have a fortune left her just now; don't you think so miss?"

"Perhaps it is," said Floss; "but still it may be true."

"Certainly, miss; but one thing I must say, because it is my duty. Mrs. Riddell is the only other servant in the house besides myself who knows where the key of the jewels is kept. And she found it out, whether by intention I can't tell. But then Mrs. Riddell is so regarded in this place that his lordship would have been angry with me if I had appeared not to trust her."

"Is that all the reason you have for suspecting her?" said Floss dolefully.

"It's very nearly enough, I think, miss!"

When Mills was gone, Floss put on a wrapper, and went into her dressing-room, to write an answer to Lord Heatherbloom.

She sat at the writing-table; her head leaning on her hands. She could not write. She could only say to herself—

"Heaven guide me aright!"

At last she snatched up her pen and wrote two lines.

"Heaven is my witness that I know absolutely nothing about the diamonds!"

This she folded and put into an envelope, addressed to Lord Heatherbloom; and, when Mills came back, she asked her to take it to him instantly.

* * * * * *

George Hazel vowed again to himself that, come what might, till Floss confessed her own deceit with her own lips he would believe in her through all. Yet for all that he grew feverish and restless; he paced his room ceaselessly, trying to think of some method, some plan, by which he might discover the truth; and always his mind went back to one mode only as being of any use—to see Floss.

He must see Floss; he must get the truth from her own lips. Surely his love, his passion, would be strong enough to make her show him her true face, be it good or ill!

He dined alone in his chambers for the first time that season; and a very dismal repast it was. He grew more wretched and more desperate as the meal progressed; he gave up eating very soon and limited his attention to the claret.

He began to wonder whether Floss were left at home to-night, if Heatherbloom were in earnest in what he said. What a monstrous thing that Floss should be regarded as a criminal!

While he was thinking about this, and wondering what excuses the Heatherblooms would make for Floss to their friends, an idea occurred to him which he immediately rose from the table to carry out.

He determined to go to the house on the chance, or rather the certainty, that his brother and Lady Heatherbloom had gone out to dinner, leaving Floss at home, and simply to ask for her.

Surely the servants who knew him so well would not dare to deny him the house! Fired by the thought that by this very simple process he might in a quarter of an hour be actually at Floss's side, looking into her sweet face and searching there for the truth, he hurried along Piccadilly like a man walking for a wager. He did not recognize the acquaintances he met; he saw nothing before his eyes but Floss, he thought nothing but Floss.

When he reached the house and knocked at the door, a heavy sinking came at his heart, a foreboding of evil such as he had never known before.

This house which had always been

opened so hospitably to him—for he and his brother were always excellent friends—was its door to be shut against him now for the first time?

Old Grant, the butler, saw through the side-window of the hall who it was that stood upon the steps. He pushed aside the footman, who was about to open the door, and performed that office himself.

"My lord and lady are out, Mr. Hazel," he said, before George could speak.

"But I want to see Miss Floss," said George. "She's not out to-night, is she?"

"I'm very sorry, sir; but you can't see her," replied the old butler. "She is not well, and does not wish to see any one."

"Take her a note from me, then, Grant," said George. "I'll write it here on a page of my pocket-book."

"Will you please to come into his lordship's study, sir?" said Grant.

But George refused to do so. He did not feel inclined to go into the study which had about it the associations of his last interview with Heatherbloom: and perhaps a foolish feeling of pride kept him from going into any of the other rooms, because his brother had talked of forbidding him the house. He preferred to write the note there where he stood, and then to walk restlessly about the great hall pretending to be in a hurry, while Grant went away with it. Presently the old butler came back.

"Sir," he said, "Millis wants to speak to you: she is waiting on Miss Floss now, and she says she would like to speak to you herself."

"Where is she, Grant?"

"Coming down-stairs, sir."

George ran up-stairs three steps at a time, and met Millis on the drawing-room landing. She held his note in her hand; her eyes were full of tears all ready to fall, and she was looking dreadfully frightened.

"Oh, sir," she said, "I'd do anything in the world for you, and Miss Floss I'd lay down my life for; but I daren't do this. His lordship told me most particularly to take no letter or paper to Miss Floss without his seeing it first. I can't disobey his lordship, sir."

"No, of course not," agreed George. "Give me the letter;" and, taking it from Millis' hand, he put the thin sheet of paper into the nearest gas-jet and held it till it had burnt away.

Millis stood by silently watching him; but, when, after seeing the paper consumed, he began hastily to go down-stairs, she summoned up her courage and spoke again.

"If you please, sir, I couldn't do otherwise—could I sir? I mean, sir—of course I know I can't do anything but obey the orders I have; but you're not angry with me, are you, sir?"

"No, no, Millis," said George, pausing a minute. "You are doing quite right."

Then he hastened away, leaving Millis better satisfied: she, like all the servants, loved Mr. Hazel.

George went out of the house, still keeping up the fiction of being in a great hurry. When he got out of sight he stopped to light a cigar, then loitered on very slowly, thinking, hesitating—trying to decide what he would do. But he did nothing for a long time, only walked up and down, smoking and watching the shadows fall upon the Park.

When at last it seemed dark enough for his purpose, he came back to the garden-wall of the Heatherbloom mansion, sprang over it very easily, and crept along under it in the darkness.

Floss was alone in her room. She had asked Millis to leave her, for she had grown so weary that poor Millis's face of sympathy made her feel more wretched.

The great tears came welling hot and bitter from her eyes; she flung her arms above her head with a wild gesture, and gave way to a fit of rebellion and despair that she could not check or stay.

Gradually the sobs died away; but still she sat motionless, her hands clasped above her head, letting the tears drop down her face unheeded.

While she sat like this, a silent figure of despair, something came to her—a sound—a very soft sound—which startled her intensely.

She became another being on the instant—from an image of sorrow, with white cheeks and heavy eyes, she changed into a creature full of eager excitement; a flush came upon her face, her eyes were suddenly all aflame—for she recognized that sound; it went to her heart and woke it.

"Floss! Floss!"

That was all; just her name; but she knew the voice very well, although it was so low! It was George Hazel's.

After one moment of silent wonder, she sprang to the window—for the sound had come to her from there.

"George! George!" she cried, in a clear intense whisper—a movement below showed her where to look. "Are you there?" she said. "George! Is it you?"

Beneath her windows there was a balcony upon which the drawing-room opened. George had climbed to this balcony with some difficulty—not because the feat was a very hard one, but because he was very anxious to make no noise. He did not wish to be discovered climbing the walls of the Heatherbloom mansion as if he were a burglar.

But he had succeeded in reaching the wide balcony unobserved and unheard. The brightly-lit windows above, he felt very sure, were Floss's.

They were a long way above him—for the rooms were very lofty—and there was nothing but a smooth wall—nothing to climb by; he certainly could not reach those windows!

But his voice might, so he thought. At all events, it was worth the attempt; so he called 'Floss!" very clearly and softly, and waited a moment.

He was just about to make the attempt again when he heard her answer; and suddenly, in the lighted window above him, her lovely face was framed in her floss-like hair, which hung about it in loose masses. It was a wonderful picture, and for a brief instant George paused to draw breath; and, as he did so, there came into those lovely eyes, as they looked down upon him, a glorious light of love and joy.

"George, are you there?" she repeated. "Is it you?"

George regarded her very earnestly for a moment; then he said—

"I wish you were not so far off!"

Floss said nothing in answer to this, but only leaned on the window-sill, and feasted her eyes upon his upturned face. They forgot everything but that they were lovers and that they had not seen each other for forty-eight hours.

It was a blissful moment of forgetfulness a happy chasm in the midst of their troubles.

At last George roused himself, drew a long breath, and shook off this delusive mood of content.

"Floss," he said, in a voice that shook in spite of all his efforts, "it's not true, is it?"

"What?" she said; and then all her joy vanished, and she remembered. She uttered a little cry of pain, and hesitated; then she said, "Can you ask me?"

"I suppose I must," he answered gloomily. "Tell me, Floss. I want to hear it in your own words. Every one else seems to take it seriously, and I cannot do less than ask the truth of you."

"George," Floss breathed passionately—"George, you will believe my word?"

"Should I ask for it otherwise?"

"Ah, that is true! Bless you, George, for this! It makes me strong again to know that you will believe me! I know absolutely nothing about the diamonds. I am altogether innocent of any knowledge of how they disappeared. I begin to feel that everything is against me. I do not wonder your brother does not believe me when I say I am innocent. But I am—I am indeed, George; and you know it, you feel it—tell me that you do, for the horrible suspicion cuts me like a knife! I to repay such kindness, such love as I have received in this house by such a base, horrible deed! I do not know how any one can have imagined it!"

"I don't think it's anybody's imagination that's at fault," responded George. "It seems to be circumstances; and they are very strange!"

"Strange? They are extraordinary! They fill me with terror. I am afraid to be here alone. I do not know what to expect. Who is it—what is it that comes into my dressing-room and takes my cloak and hides under it?"

"Ah, I never thought of that," said George, earnestly.

"Or is it I myself?" said Floss. "I have been wondering whether there are such things as doubles. I have read of them. Perhaps there may be."

She drew back fearfully and looked behind her.

"I am haunted by the idea that I shall feel a touch, and, turning, meet my own face. Oh, George, what should I do? Go mad, or die? I hope I should die! I could not bear to live after that!"

"I tell you what it is, Floss," said George very seriously; "if you go on like this, I shall break into the house and carry you off. What fools they are to leave you shut up there to get into this nervous state! Enough to frighten a child like you!"

"Well, but, George, they think I took them! Don't blame them for that's enough to make any one cruel. Are you sure there are no such things as doubles?"

"Quite sure; and don't let yourself think of such nonsense."

"But what else can it be? Millis asked me to-day if I thought I walked in my sleep. That frightens me more, I think. It's a dreadful idea?"

"So it is. But you can be cured of that," answered George, "that's one comfort!"

"But there's one thing that troubles me more than all the rest," Floss went on, in a still lower voice—"that money that I found on my writing-table. Even if I walked in my sleep, I couldn't put that there!"

"No; that's very queer, I must confess," said George. "Of course there is but one reasonable way out of the difficulty. You must be the victim of a conspiracy. Whoever has taken the diamonds has arranged these things so that suspicion should fall upon you."

"But who should do that?" queried Floss. "Millis did half suggest the same thing this morning."

"Ah! And what made her think of it? Has she got any one in her mind?"

"Yes, she has—at least, she said something about it."

"Tell me, Floss, what she said. Who is it?"

"Mrs. Riddell. She has been talking about a fortune which, she says, has been left to her. I don't really think Millis has anything else to base her suspicion on—except—oh, yes, except that Mrs. Riddell is the only other servant in the house who knows where the key of the jewel-case is kept! She says Mrs. Riddell watched her one day putting it away."

"Mrs. Riddell!" George repeated; and he seemed to become suddenly lost in thought.

"George," said Floss eagerly, whispering out of the window above him, "tell me, do you know who it was that saw me leave the house that night? No one has told me; do you know?"

"Yes," said George, "I do; it was Mrs. Riddell."

"Mrs. Riddell!"

For a moment neither of them said anything. George was the first to break the silence.

"It really does begin to look as if that old hag had taken the jewels herself, and laid a deliberate trap for you. I'd like to wring her neck!"

"But, George, the money that I found on my table?"

"Well, child, if she were engaged in selling the Heatherbloom diamonds, she could very well afford to fling away a couple of hundred pounds in this throwing the suspicion on to somebody else; she might very comfortably waste a thousand and not feel it."

"Oh, but, George, she never can be such a wicked old woman as that!"

"It does seem incredible," agreed George, "when I think of certain hampers she sent me at school; she always was a very good sort. I can't make it out, Floss. Do you think I should be discovered if I smoked a cigar? My head is getting very muddled with all this?"

"No one is at this side of the house," answered Floss; "the servants' hall is under the dining-room, and it doesn't matter if Millis comes in and finds you out."

"Oh, no! Millis is a very good creature; I suppose she expected all this would fall upon her?"

"She was very frightened and miserable at first; but I don't think Lord Heatherbloom ever suspected her. Oh, George, how can he suspect me?"

She rested her elbows on the window-ledge and wept bitter tears and sobbed aloud in the pain of her heart. George looked up at her from his place below.

"Floss," he said, "I do wish you would not go on like that when I am far off!"

But Floss did not heed him; talking of it had made her feel the whole weight of her sorrow and disgrace, and the sobs seemed to ease it. But suddenly she became aware of something which for the moment dried her tears.

George was making wild efforts to climb the wall. The sides of the drawing-room windows gave him some slight assistance; but still there was not much to be done.

"George!" cried Floss in terror. "Stop—for pity's sake, stop; you will kill yourself! What are you trying to do?"

"I must come to you if you go on crying like that," he returned fiercely.

"Oh, well, I will not—I won't cry at all; I will never cry any more, if you won't imperil your life! Oh, George, do get down on to the balcony again, I implore you; do, please!"

Thus entreated, George returned to his former position, the more readily that it was clearly impossible to get anywhere near Floss.

"Don't cry then," he said. "I can't stand it—indeed I can't, Floss!"

"No, no, I will not—at least, while you are there!"

George took out a cigar, lighted it, and then sat down on the stone balustrade to smoke and to think. To do the first seemed easier to him than to do the second—at last however he spoke.

"Can you remember about that night, Floss, where you lost the rose, where you left your cloak?"

"The cloak was in my dressing-room," she returned. "I threw it upon the couch with my dress, and on that dress a cluster of the roses was pinned—there were three; in the morning there were only two, I know, because I went to look for them before any one came into the room."

"Well, if somebody took the cloak, it was easy enough to take the rose: when I am satisfied who did it I will tell them what I think of it. Only a fiend could undertake such a thing. Tell me—did you shut the door between your room and the dressing-room?"

"Yes, I always do, and lock it; I am always nervous in this great house."

"Then it would be just as easy for any one to come into your dressing-room without disturbing you as to go into Cordelia's?"

"I should think so—quite, for I sleep very soundly when I go to bed so late as we do here; and then, too, I am so accustomed to Millis or one of the other maids coming into the dressing-room to put my things away that a slight sound would not startle me."

"But you heard nothing?"

"No, I heard nothing that I can remember: but, as I say, I should not have noticed it if I had."

"Then the thing is perfectly easy to any one who knew the habits of the house; it was merely to come to your dressing-room first, put on the cloak, take the rose, and then go to Cordelia's room, take the diamonds, and leave the rose. Nothing then remained but to take the jewels out of the house and put them in safe keeping. I wish I could find any one who met that woman in your cloak, and who could tell me what she was like."

"Oh, George, I wish you could! Do you think it would be possible?"

"Very unlikely; but I can try. I'll walk about the streets to-night and see if I can find the policeman who has the beat at that time."

"Walk about the streets all night? You will never do that, George!"

"Why not? A night out of bed does me no harm. I don't at all consider it necessary to go to bed every night; and, even if I minded it, don't you suppose I'd walk the streets every night for a year if I could clear you of this thing? Why, Floss, how little you know me! You cannot even guess how I love you, if you fancy I would hesitate at any difficult or dangerous task for your sake! What distresses me so much is—I can see nothing to do, it is all dark; we have really very little reason for suspecting Mrs. Riddell. Still, as there are some grounds for doing so, however slight I shall go to Heatherbloom and insist that Riddell is watched, or else I'll go to the police myself and have a detective put on to watch her. Perhaps that would be the best plan."

"But Lord Heatherbloom did not want the police to have anything more to do with it."

"That was for your sake, Floss, if you are safe in your innocence, there is no reason to keep the police out of it."

"No," said Floss, "except that people have been found guilty before now who were innocent. Everything is against me, as it is, and only you and Millis have any faith in me."

"Still," George added rather uneasily, "the police are trained to their business; they can't be so stupid as to fasten the thing on you when you are innocent?"

"I don't know," said Floss dolefully; "I have heard of such things."

"Well of, course, so has everybody," agreed George.

"And I feel no hope of convincing any one, now that Lord and Lady Heatherbloom believe me guilty. It only shows how completely appearances must be against me."

"Floss," said George very earnestly, "I don't like to hear you speak in that way. You are innocent: therefore you must and shall be cleared. There is no doubt whatever about it. I mean to do it somehow or other; and when I make up my mind it's not easy to stop me. If you think the police are likely to make a muddle of it—well I'll do it without them!"

"Oh, George," returned Floss, "how delightful it is to hear you speak! Why, it makes me feel quite hopeful!"

"Hopeful? Of course—why not? My dear girl, the battle hasn't begun. I hoped there wasn't to be one, and that you would throw some light on the affair which would clear it up at once. But I see you can't; there is to be a battle, and I'll fight it. Certainly it would be much pleasanter if the enemy were a man and visible, instead of being some nasty, creeping, sly minx that dresses up in other people's clothes. Never mind; I'll fight her!"

"Heaven bless you, George!" said Floss, putting out her hand to him again with a sweet pretty gesture that told of the love in her heart. But George took this little advance of hers in a low spirited sort of way, the reason for which his words explained.

"It's all very well, Floss," he said, after a minute; "and you look amazingly pretty—really, I don't see how any girl could be more lovely than you are; but it's awfully tantalizing, you know. You are so hopelessly high up there that it drives me to distraction to see you looking so delicious. On the whole, I wish you wouldn't!"

Upon this Floss withdrew her head and disappeared altogether from view. For what seemed to her an immense time she paced up and down her room, wondering each moment whether George had gone away; at last when she felt sure that he certainly must have gone, she went close to the window again.

"George," she said, in a clear whisper, "are you there?"

"Of course I am," was the immediate answer. "And I feel quite good now, like the child that has been put in a corner. I should like to see you again very much."

At this Floss very slowly came within his view, and smiled upon him with that rare and wonderful smile which is only possible on the lips of a woman who is in love, and for the man she loves. It had hidden in it a hundred suggestions, a world of sweet fancies, of which Floss herself was not conscious, though they lay within her heart ready to be awakened.

"Great heaven, Floss," exclaimed George, "they must be mad to doubt you! It seems incredible that Heatherbloom can have harbored a thought against you for a moment. To look at you is a sufficient answer. Now I will give you my programme dear, so far as it is formed. To-night I shall devote to the streets in the neighborhood, and to making the acquaintance of the night-policeman, or any one else who may be able to tell me anything. If that fails, to-morrow I mean to have it out with Heatherbloom; the police must be called to the rescue again, and the whole affair gone into thoroughly. It is ridiculous nonsense to skirk inquiries—the truth can bear the light."

"And yet I dread the police," said Floss, with a little shudder; "they sometimes make such dreadful mistakes!"

"Never mind, dear; I'm here remember. I shall come and abstract you through that window, and carry you off bodily out of harm's way, sooner than you should suffer anything. So remember that in one case need you have any fear, Floss"—in a coaxing tone—"cut me off one whole, long, glorious tress of your hair—not a little bit one cannot feel, but a real long piece."

"That is too much to ask," answered Floss doubtfully, taking into her hand the mass that had fallen upon her shoulders.

"Too much? Not a bit of it! You will not miss that long tress which I covet; it is mere coquettishness which makes you want to refuse it me."

"Coquettishness!" murmured Floss. "I did not know that was one of my faults."

She drew back and disappeared. A moment later, she was again at the window, and dropped something to him.

"Now go," she said, "or be very quiet; I hear Millis coming."

George stooped, and found on the stones

at his feet a long, long waving piece of hair, cut close to the roots. Floss had given him generous measure.

He took it up and drew it across his lips; then he pushed back his sleeve and twisted it like a bracelet round his arm. For some time he stayed listening to the murmur of voices in Floss's room; but presently the window above him was shut, and the curtain drawn over it. He understood this to mean dismissal, so as silently as possible he got over the balcony and let himself drop to the ground.

CHAPTER IV.

GEORGE went back to his rooms, and there fortified himself for walking abroad in the early morning by a late supper. Then, provided with a full cigar-case, he went out again.

At half-past three he was once more outside the Heatherbloom mansion. The dawn was coming, and out in the road here it seemed almost daylight.

George wondered, as he thought about it, that Riddell spoke of it as just beginning to be light at four. But he saw the next moment that all the light she would have to see by in the corridors would come through the staircase sky-light.

He walked up and down, enjoying the air which had now its one touch of freshness in all the twenty-four hours. He passed and repassed the house, and looked again and again at its silent shuttered windows.

What if the door should stealthily open now, even while he watched it, and the sham Floss steal out upon some guilty errand? His blood grew hot in his veins as he thought of it.

No; impossible—such a thing would be much too good to be true! He would not so easily get at the root of the mystery.

He lighted a cigar and smoked it out, and still found himself quite alone. The total absence of anything to be done produced a melancholy effect on him; he began to think there was but one way out of the nightmare they were all lost in, to take Floss away.

After all, it seemed to him in his present drowsy state by far the most sensible plan. When once Floss had become the Honorable Mrs. Hazel, no one—not even her brother-in-law—would care to remember the diamond robbery. And ten to one some unexpected circumstance would bring the real culprit to light very shortly.

In the meantime, it seemed utterly absurd that lovely Floss should spoil her eyes with crying and lose her color for want of fresh air, and her spirits for want of amusement—and George's society—just because of a ridiculous affair like this!

He had arrived at this conclusion, and quite made up his mind to get a ladder somehow or other and put it against Floss's window the very next night in order to carry her off, when somebody appeared on the scene.

At the farther end of the road, looming large in the white morning mist, appeared a figure, very vague at first, but ultimately resolving itself into a man carrying a long wand. The disappearance of the lights all down the street as he approached showed this to be the lamp-extinguisher. It was the first time that it had ever occurred to George that lamps had to be put out as well as lighted.

Naturally at this time of the year the gas was extinguished very early in the morning; naturally also, as it suddenly struck George, this identical man must come down this road every morning at this hour. If he were too late to see the diamond-thief steal out of the Heatherbloom mansion, yet he would have been about in time to see her return.

George woke up and got out his cigar-case. As the lamp-lighter approached him he was searching all his pockets; he had determined to adopt a very old expedient for opening a conversation. Although his matches were in their accustomed pocket, his fingers refused to find them.

As the man passed, he asked him for a light; the lamp-lighter brought out his matches, and then George offered him a cigar. This was a very successful step—fortunately for George's purposes. The man lighted the cigar and paused a few moments to talk; then, as he moved on down the road George accompanied him.

As a rule, a lamp-lighter hurries along with the rapid inelegant movement of one who walks of necessity and for no pleasure of his own; but, under the soothing influence of an unexpected cigar and George's genial manner, the man slackened his speed and went slowly down the road from lamp to lamp.

"Is it very unusual to meet any one here at this time?" George ventured at last.

"I don't see anybody once in a year, sir, at this hour of the morning; now and again I meet a carriage coming home from a party but never any one on foot."

They were getting down to the end of the road, and the man showed signs of putting on the speed again and leaving his new acquaintance behind, so George determined to make a bold stroke.

"Stop a bit," he said; "I want to speak to you. Have another cigar. I've heard that there's a pretty ghost to be seen in this road at daybreak; she wears a long grey cloak. Have you ever seen her?"

The man looked George all up and down before replying.

"Are you one of the force, sir?"

"No, my friend, I am not."

"There was one of them on to me soon after the diamond-robbery at Lord Heatherbloom's; I found him walking up and down smoking, and as civil as could be—just as I found you, sir!"

"Oh, indeed!" said George, a good deal taken aback at finding the detectives had been before him. "And did you tell him anything?"

"If I knew anything, I didn't tell it him, sir," replied the man, in a tone of contempt; "I'm not to be taken in by those officers in plain clothes."

"Well, I am not one of them," said George.

"No, sir: I don't think you are; it seems to me you are a gentleman; but I took you for that at first; and I think I may be excused, considering that gentlemen are not generally fond of strolling about at this time of day."

"Was it only because the man was an officer that you wouldn't tell him what you knew?" asked George. "Was it pure prejudice against the police, or had you nothing to tell?"

"Well, I can't say how important it might be, I'm sure, sir; but I have seen that gray ghost; but I wouldn't have told him so for anything."

"And why?"

"Because I wouldn't get her into any worse trouble than she was able to bring on herself."

"Give me your reason for that, my man."

"I will, sir. It was because she is so pretty."

"My gracious, what a reason!" exclaimed George, trying to throw off an awful chill that these words had sent through him. He took a sovereign from his waistcoat-pocket and offered it to the man.

"I am wasting your time," he said. "Take this to make up for it; I want you to tell me more. On my honor, I am not an officer. Instead of that I am the last man in the world to get a pretty woman into trouble: but I have a very strong reason for wanting to hear about this."

The man eyed the sovereign doubtfully at first; but eventually pocked it.

"I haven't much to tell, sir," he said.

"Did she wear a long gray silk cloak down to her feet, with a hood over her head?"

"Yes, sir, that's it!"

"Tell me what she is like."

"I have seen her twice, sir; once before the diamond-robbery took place, I saw her go very quickly down this road, keeping under the wall. It was about half-past four and I did wonder why a lady should be out at such an hour, for there was no doubt of its being a lady."

"Not a servant—a lady's maid perhaps?"

"No, sir, begging your pardon, I felt sure it was a lady, though I only saw her from behind. She walked very quickly until she met a man who was evidently waiting for her; they turned off then, and I lost sight of them. The next time I saw her, I came face to face with her down at the corner; she was coming back, I suppose, for it was later than usual that I got down here."

"Well, what was she like?" asked George eagerly.

"I never did see such a pretty face, sir, in all my life. Afterwards, when everybody was talking about that diamond robbery, I remembered that this was the night they were stolen; and I determined no officer should get a word out of me about it."

"But what was she like?" repeated George.

"I can't tell how to say, sir—great eyes that beautiful they startled me; a face—well, I don't know what way to tell you; but it was pretty, and such hair!"

"Light hair—yellow hair, do you mean?"

"Yellowish, I think, sir; but it was that pretty!"

Suddenly George pushed back his sleeve and untwisted the long waving tress of Floss's hair; he shook it out before the man's eyes.

"Was it like this?" he exclaimed.

"Yes, sir, that's it," replied the man. "I couldn't describe it; but I could swear to it. I never saw such hair as that before or since."

"You have done me a great service, my man!" George said. "Don't be afraid for her pretty face; I shall not repeat what you have told me to any one. Nor do you; don't let your tongue be as loose again as it has been this morning."

"I don't know what's made me talk, sir," returned the man; "it was something in your face. You didn't look like one to hurt anybody."

"Nor will I," said George, with a sigh; "you have done me a good turn, and I thank you for it."

"Thank you, sir," answered the lamp-lighter, and, touching his hat, he went on about his business. It was quite time, for every moment the lamps looked more absurd and out of place as the day grew broader.

When he was out of sight, George turned away into the Park and walked at a great pace until he reached the Serpentine. Then he found a heavy stone, and twisted and knotted the hair round it very firmly; he hardly knew what he was doing—these twistings and knottings were half unconscious.

His mind was away—he saw before his eyes the lovely head from which this golden tress had been cut—the glorious smile that Floss had given him such a very short time ago!

He took the stone at last, and flung it right away into the water, and watched its disappearance, and watched the ring die slowly away on the water where it had gone down.

"There goes my heart," he said to himself. "I swear I will never again believe in any woman! If Floss is false, it is not worth while for any other woman to be true."

He turned away and walked back through the Park, but slowly, with a step as though he were tired. And so he was, though not from being out all night.

He was weary because his heart was sick. Nothing can make the step so lagging as a dead hope within the breast. And to George it seemed as if all hope, all joy, were dead for him forever.

When he reached his rooms, he experienced a sensation of being utterly worn out—a feeling that was quite new to him. Since yesterday he had gone through such various emotions that it seemed to him as if the night had been a century long. Since yesterday he had lost for ever the woman he loved.

For, even if he married Floss—and he very well remembered what he had said to her—yet it would not be the Floss he had loved.

The past was dead, the future a blank, even if the beauty which he had adored became his; for he could never regard it save as a shameless mask for a hideous soul.

He was greatly perplexed how to act. He knew he must screen Floss from any further consequences of her guilt; he felt too that he must conceal from Heatherbloom, from every one, the evidence which had convinced him of that guilt.

But how to do this he hardly knew; for George was no actor. He thought bitterly to himself that he needed a lesson from Floss. Nevertheless it must be done. But he felt altogether incapable of going through any pretence with Floss; he could not mimic the love she had killed in his kind heart.

The day for love-making was over; the only course that he could see open to him was to tell Heatherbloom he intended to marry Floss as soon as she came of age, and simply wait then until that time arrived.

Consoling himself with this reflection, he sat down immediately after breakfast, and wrote a very brief note to Lord Heatherbloom, stating his intention with regard to Floss.

Then he told his man to pack his portmanteau. He did not care where he went; but he longed for change, for movement, that he might escape from the nightmare in which he seemed to have become plunged.

But it was not so easy to escape. A servant came to his rooms, bringing an answer from Lord Heatherbloom; it was but a single line, asking to see him as soon as possible.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

"STON' UP, SIR JAN."—Prince George of Denmark, the husband of Queen Anne of England, in passing through Bristol, went to the Exchange, accompanied by one gentleman only, and remained there until the merchants had pretty generally withdrawn none of whom had sufficient resolution to speak to him. At length, a person of the name of John Duddleston, a bodice-maker, mustered the necessary courage, and going up to the Prince, inquired if he was not the husband of Queen Anne? Having learned that this was the case, Duddleston said he had observed, with much concern, that none of the merchants had invited the Prince home to dinner; but this was not for want of love to the Queen or to him, but because they did not consider themselves prepared to receive so great a man. He added, that he was ashamed to think of his Royal Highness dining at an inn, and therefore entreated that he would go home and dine with him, and bring the gentleman along with him, informing him that he had a good piece of beef and a plum-pudding, with ale of his dame's own brewing. The Prince admired the loyalty of the man, and though he had ordered dinner at the "White Lion," he accompanied the bodice-maker home. Duddleston called his wife, who was upstairs, desiring her to put on a clean apron, and come down, for the Queen's husband and another gentleman were come to dine with them.

She immediately came down with her clean blue apron, and was immediately saluted by the Prince. In the course of the dinner, the Prince invited his host to town, and to bring his wife with him, at the same time giving him a card to facilitate his introduction at Court.

A few months after, Duddleston, with his wife behind him, on horseback, set out for London, where they soon found the Prince, and were by him introduced to the Queen. Her Majesty received them most graciously and invited them to an approaching dinner, informing them that they must have new clothes for the occasion. They were allowed to choose for themselves, when both selected purple velvet, such as the Prince then had on. The dresses were prepared, and the guests were introduced by the Queen herself as the most loyal persons in Bristol, and the only one in that city who had invited the Prince, her husband, to their house.

After the entertainment was over, the Queen desired Duddleston to kneel, laid a sword on his head, and, to use Lady Duddleston's own words, said to him, "Ston' up Sir Jan." He was then offered money, or a place under Government; but he would not accept either, informing the Queen that he had $250 out at interest, and he apprehended that the number of people he saw about Court must be very expensive. The Queen made Lady Duddleston a present of her gold watch from her side, which her ladyship considered so great an ornament, that she never went to market without having it suspended over her blue apron.

"WAS early man a savage?" asked a magazine writer. Yes, until after breakfast.

Bric-a-Brac.

SUPERSTITION.—So strangely superstitious is the constitution of the human mind, that all sorts and conditions of men are affected by what they call luck. "It is not lucky to walk under a ladder," say the wise. Now, the fact of the matter is, that as something might drop off a ladder and strike the pedestrian, or the ladder itself break and hurt a person underneath it, the mother-wit of the nation made it 'unlucky' to pass the structure. And the plain explanation of this one alleged unlucky act is true of nearly the whole of the superstitious sayings of the populace.

A RACE.—A Noah's Ark race was introduced at a recent India fair, and was a handicap for all animals bred in the country, the competitors including buffaloes, elephants, a goat, ram, emu and elk and other creatures, besides ponies and horses. The elephants were as placid as if moving in a marriage procession, and went over the course at a quick walk. The ram and goat, ridden by little boys, ran well, and the buffaloes went at a good gallop, but the emu would not stir, neither would the elk, until the end of the race, when it took fright and darted down the course at great speed. Finally, a ram was the winner, a horse coming second and a large buffalo third.

FIERY DESCRIPTION.—The Fire Fiend has been licking up a board pile or two in a Michigan town and the local paper rises to the occasion so: "The roaring of the fire, the grim grandeur of the flames as they rolled round and round, the blazing cinders rising high in the air and carried far to the east and south, the cries of the firemen, the fathers and mothers anxiously watching their homes, the terrified children just awakening from their little cots, following after them, the lowing of the cattle and squealing pigs let loose from the entire neighborhood, and the picture of men on the roofs of houses, as far as the eye could reach, made the scene a weird one, not soon to be effaced from memory's pages."

THE IMAGINATION.—Some years ago a story was current of a woman who applied at one of our hospitals for treatment of a nervous affection. After listening to a recital of her symptoms, the doctor made her shut her lips upon a mouth thermometer. Upon removing it, the patient exclaimed: 'Why, I declare it has done me good already.' The doctor humored her delusion, and refrained from any other treatment than a few more applications of the magical glass tube. She was soon cured. A parallel case is now cited of an hysterical patient having been cured by magnetism. The magnet was of wood! but capped with metal, so as to seem cold to the touch. These cases remind us that a large proportion of such ailments are imaginary, and will often yield to imaginary remedies.

HOME OF THE CANARY.—Water in the Canary Islands is chiefly stored in large cemented cisterns. Around these collect flocks of innumerable canary birds. We saw, write some recent travelers, these little songsters in all the islands. The bird is greeny-gray upon the back and head, and pale cream on the breast. When in captivity, their offspring become yellow, the gray disappearing very quickly. It is this bird, yellow by domestication, that we call canary, and which has even given a name to a color. The wild bird has a beautiful song; but it is another bird belonging to these isles which bears the palm, and may be termed the canary nightingale. It is dark grayish-black in color, about the size of a canary, and like the nightingale, insignificant in appearance. It is called the *capriote*. It will never be heard outside the islands, for there alone can it be kept in captivity.

IN THE DESERT.—A recent traveler in the Soudan, has lately pointed out how it is that Arabs contrive to live in the waterless deserts of that much-talked-of region. They are, to begin with, abstemious in their habits, and know every crevice and hollow in the hills where water will collect. They regard this fluid more perhaps in the light of a luxury than as a necessity, and use it with wonderful economy. They would never think of wasting it on the exterior of their bodies, and consider that once in forty-eight hours is often enough to replenish the inner man. He tells us that when Bedouins came to his camp, water would be offered them, but would often be refused with the remark that the visitor had drunk yesterday. By cultivating this habit of abstemiousness, they are able to cover immense distances which would be impossible for a European, unless he were accompanied by baggage-animals.

OLD BOOTS AND SHOES.—Hundreds of men, women, and even boys, in New York, are engaged in the "business" of collecting old boots and shoes, which they take to the wall paper factories, where they receive from five to fifteen cents per pair. Calfskin boots bring the best price, while cowhide ones are not taken at any figure. These boots and shoes are first soaked in several waters to get the dirt off, and then the nails and threads are removed and the leather is ground up into a fine pulp. Then it is pressed upon a ground of heavy paper, which is to be used in the manufacture of "embossed leather." Fashionable people think they are going away back to mediæval times when they have the walls of their libraries and dining-rooms covered with this, and remain in blissful ignorance that the shoes and boots which their neighbors threw into the ash barrel a month before, now adorn their walls and hang on the screens which protect their eyes from the fire.

ONE YEAR.

BY ASTLEY H. BALDWIN.

Softly the lone wind moans the year just dead.
'Tis meet that thou should'st wail, oh, winter wind!
Sure it were but unkind
Did summer's wealth of flow'rets deck the bed
Whereon she lies, whom I have loved so well,
I scarce can bear to hear her parting knell.

'Twas well, oh, winter wind, that thou should'st moan!
I could not suffer spring's sweet birds to sing
Nor shall the joy bells ring.
Now she I loved lies there quite dead, alone,
Gone from me evermore, passed quite away,
Past the horizon of our mortal day.

Dear, dead, fair year, I will not call thee old;
I loved thee so. Within thy swift rolled space
Life looked me in the face;
Looked in mine heart, gave me his ring of gold,
Then gazed I for the last time in the eyes
Of my lost youth—there, next thy heart, he lies.

So fold him in thy shadowy arms, dead year;
I felt it sad to know that he was gone,
For ever passed on:
Leaving me weighted with a growing fear
That I had parted with my young fresh morn,
Losing it all before I knew him born.

Tears fast must fall, dear year, upon thy brow,
They are as pearls upon thy placid face!
The coffin-lid is now
Half-closed, but still for just one little space
I stand beside and gaze. The wind sounds wild,
And sobs and wails like to some stricken child.

Good-bye, dear year! God keep thee next his heart,
And give thee back to me, when death is passed,
And I am called at last
From all life's disappointed pain to part.
I ask no better gift from Heaven's vast store,
Than all unchanged to hold thee evermore.

THE Mystery of Glenorris

BY MARY CECIL HAY,

AUTHORESS OF "NORA'S LOVE-TEST," "OLD MYDDLETON'S MONEY," "FOR HER DEAR SAKE," "DOROTHY'S VENTURE," ETC.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

IN the silence which followed his words Norman felt oddly ill at ease, scanning the face of the girl who stood so proudly chill before him.

"I have come to reinstate you in the old house you so prettily adorned. Only through unlimited patience and unwearied efforts have I been enabled to trace you. I have succeeded, dear Miss Glenorris, as usual."

"You must have driven, Mr. Pardy. Will you take refreshment here before you return?"

The tone betrayed only weariness; but something in the girl's unsmiling face made Mr. Pardy's uneasiness increase.

"I have never forgotten, nor wished to forget, how very easily you might have burnt that will you found—how still more easily you might have left it in its hiding-place. In return for the generous action—which I refuse to call merely justice, as other men will—accept from me the largest and worthiest share of all I have. Dear Miss Glenorris"—Norman resumed his glib one-sided conversation rather nervously in this second inexplicable silence—"you seem changed since I saw you last."

"Yes, I am changed in many ways since I saw you last," the girl said: "but even then, Mr. Pardy, I thought you understood me too well to say what you have said now."

"I had not then," he explained, "the same inducements to offer you as I have to-day. It is in my power to give back to you now what you lost."

"No," said the girl very quietly, "it is not in your power to give back to me what I lost."

"Something has indeed changed you," he remarked, keenly scrutinising the face which, though so changed, was still the face which had first won from him all the love he had to give.

"Yes," she said—"something I learned from Agatha Porch's sister."

"From her?" the young man queried, as quietly as if he were stirred by no passion at all; and Joy could not see the ominous tightening of his lips under the fair moustache. "She was very mad, Miss Glenorris."

"But in her madness she spoke truth—oh, such sad truth!"

"Miss Glenorris"—Norman's lips were stiff and dry when he broke the silence which he had allowed to follow her words—"something more than the incredible and incoherent raving of a maniac has changed you. Neither you nor the world at large would ever believe what emanates from a lunatic.

"Is it"—eyeing her narrowly as he spoke—"this lie which Redby tells me has been wrung from a man in prison—a man who is still bound, no doubt, to act in Lester's interest—that has changed you, by buoying you with a fleeting belief in Lester's innocence? And is he a rival of mine?"

"Mr. Pardy," said the girl, looking gravely and wonderingly at him, "though you forget yourself, I will answer your impossible surmise. Nothing has buoyed me with a fleeting hope in Mr. Lester's innocence, because from the first I knew him innocent as you are perfectly aware."

"I am grieved that you, Miss Glenorris, moved at all in this matter. I advised you for your own sake not to do so. I thought it would show wisdom on your part to let ugly facts sleep undisturbed. I urgently recommended your silence, if you recollect."

"But I do not recollect," the girl said, with her clear straight gaze. "I do not hold in my memory what you say."

"I do from my soul regret this new step you have taken"—wincing a little under the scorn which yet was so gentle. "You have now necessitated the repetition of your fatal evidence against Lester. I have tried to spare you this, Miss Glenorris; but now others have interfered, and there is nothing for it but to bring the matter into open court immediately on Gervys Lester's return."

He could not tell whether it was fear which caused that shudder to run through her frame, or only the chill of the room where the fire burnt so unwillingly.

"If I had only my personal feelings to consult," he continued, "I would see Lester tried at once and judge him only by the verdict, rejoicing to see him among us again if his innocence can stand the test. But for him to be acquitted without trial is rather hard upon other offenders, is it not? Therefore I fear," he added, looking in vain for the wavering of doubt, "we shall have to trouble you to reiterate your evidence, Miss Glenorris."

"I shall decline."

The young man scanned her face curiously; but, for all its sadness, there was no cowardice or shrinking there.

"But I fear the choice may not be allowed you, Miss Glenorris. After all, you will only have to tell that the accused man left you in your conservatory at an earlier hour than you at first stated. You may also have to allow that he was invariably cruel in all he said of Agatha Porch, and that he hated her."

"You are quite wrong, Mr. Pardy," said the girl, with a flash of her old spirit. "He merely warned me against her. Indeed he was so very kind to me that I wonder he did not warn me against you."

Mr. Pardy's laugh was not at all good to hear, though not in the slightest degree harsh or discordant.

"I will try to feel duly indebted to him for that forbearance. If he and I ever meet again—except when the etiquette of an Assize Court will prevent the expression of my gratitude—I will thank him for that leniency. But I think of you, not of him; and I shall grieve—knowing your sensitive scruples — over your having to testify against one whose hand has often touched yours."

"I shall, as I said, decline to say one word against one whose hand has touched—and held, and been held by mine."

"But, as I also said," returned Norman, an unusual hardness forcing its way through the well-worn gentleness of his tones, "you may be compelled."

"No," said the girl, looking gravely into his face, "I cannot be compelled to do that. I shall plead against it."

"What plea shall you urge, may I ask, Miss Glenorris?"

"My—love for him."

Norman's laugh jarred horribly upon the girl's tense nerves; but there was no drooping of the great sad eyes.

"That will be a beautiful and romantic plea, but scarcely a successful one. The whole fact you state may make your part very difficult and unpleasant, but that is all."

"I think not," she said quietly.

"Miss Glenorris," observed Norman, almost frightened himself when he felt how his strongest effort failed in restraining the temper usually so easy to control, "need I remind you that, when you were on your oath, though you did not really utter a falsehood, you——"

"I know what you mean. Do not speak of it. Wait, please, until you thoroughly understand."

"Poor child!" he said, smiling. "If you build on the idea of any romantic statement exonerating you, and staying the course of our unfeeling law, you are to be pitied indeed. You of course, Miss Glenorris, would be the last to hear what was universally allowed by those who knew Gervys Lester, indeed was unreservedly admitted by those who knew him best, that he paid court merely to your wealth, like not a few other men."

"Perhaps he did," returned Joy, white as snow and seemingly as cold. "I thought so myself once; but, even if so, it can make no difference to me; I love him so wholly and entirely that even to learn he only pretended to love me could not lessen my love in the slightest."

"Miss Glenorris," said Norman, speaking almost rapidly in his cold and cruel passion, "I alone have proved that it is not your wealth I have sought. I have come to you in your poverty, to give you back honorably that position which the world will be ready to say you too long usurped. I mean," still more hurriedly as he met her eyes, "Lester is one of those who only paid his addresses to the owner of Merlswood. I believe him to be a man of strong words who would protest beyond his fellows; but do not his actions testify that he thinks of himself alone."

"Possibly. Then you may know how I love him when I would rather have whatever he is, one touch of his dear hand than all you offer me, or could offer me, if you were ten thousand times richer than you are. I am not speaking too plainly. I have been silent far too long; I have been very unfair and untrue to him far, far too long."

For a few moments there was silence; then Norman's loud laugh was almost savage.

"You are lavish with your affection, Miss Glenorris, now you have nothing else to bestow. Wait and see if your hero seeks you when he knows you are poor."

"He may, as you say, avoid me because I am poor," she said; "but, even if he does, I shall love him just the same, for ever. You could not guess the strength of this love of mine, unless you could understand his nature."

"I only regret, Miss Glenorris, for your sake that such love as you fancy you feel, is given so unwisely, or awkwardly, let us say. But I will be your friend still; I will allow your love as an excuse for not condemning in a court of justice the man you dower with such unreasoning and, rather pronounced affection."

"How dare you?" cried the girl, in anger suddenly irrepressible. "How dare you?" and then she stopped, and would have burst into childish tears but for his cold and supercilious gaze.

"How dare I tell the truth?" smiled Norman. "Why should we not, sometimes?"

"Mr. Pardy," Joy said, with the true dignity which he had never seen in her before, "I have one thing to say to you, no more. When I said I should decline to give evidence against Mr. Lester, and you asked me on what plea, I said my love for him. I mean a great deal more than that, because" her eyes grew wonderfully beautiful with a proud soft radiance—"I am his lawful wife!"

In the silence following those words Mr. Pardy's lips were drawn into a straight line under his silky moustache, and his hand gripped the chair beside him.

"Is this true?"

It was minutes after she had spoken before the question reached her.

"My only happiness," she said, the warm tints spreading over her earnest face, "is its truth."

CHAPTER XL.

SLOWLY, almost like one in a dream, Joy went up to her room as Mr. Pardy left Ravenstor; but she lingered only to win the rest of a few minutes' solitude, because she remembered Miss Beton was alone in the house which needs must seem dreary to her these winter days, though she so kindly and bravely pretended to feel at home in it. But, when Joy joined her true friend in the sitting-room they tried hard to make homely, a glad surprise awaited her.

Suddenly Anne Kienon's arms were round her, Anne's lips were on her cheek, Anne's loving words were rushing from her faithful heart, and Anne's eyes were devouring the familiar face that had grown unfamiliar in its delicate paleness.

"Oh, Joy, that you should look so glad to see me, only me!"

"But, Anne, how did you know?"

"A friend told me," Anne said, with a grateful glance at Miss Beton, "a friend who knew it was right to tell me. I could not come at once; but they were glad to let me come now, very glad! You will let me stay with you and try to be a little help and comfort? Oh, if I could do you good in any way! If I could, ever so little, make up to you!" said Anne, in gasping sentences, looking away from the face which seemed so changed to her.

"I am so glad, so glad!" said Joy, in her cousin's pause, trying to feel only gladness, trying to forget all that Norman Pardy had said, and remember only that Anne had come to her, trying to forget what the future might bring, and be grateful for what had come to her from the past, defying her own sorrow with a bravery more touching to Anne Kienon than any evidence of grief could be.

But gradually, as the day passed on, Anne realized what she had shrunk from allowing herself even to imagine in the first hour that Joy was fading from the world she had seemed to love so well.

Anne realized this with a spasm of keen pain which kept her silent, even though she saw how this silence surprised both her companions.

It was not until late in the evening that they at last prevailed upon Anne to tell them of the old friends they both knew, Miss Beton trembling as she listened, for she had lived in a state of alarm lest she should disclose to Joy what it would be kinder to withhold.

But gradually her fears were lulled to rest, so effectually indeed that all her meritorious struggles after wakefulness had failed.

"You have not told me what occurred to make your coming here possible," said Joy, "and give me such gladness."

"Such gladness!" echoed Anne, touching one white cheek. "Where is the old gladness that belonged to you, the gladness in your eyes, your voice, your step, your laugh? Oh, what a glad and pretty laugh it was! Yes; I am going to tell you! Kate" the voice was stern and heavy now, "has married her husband."

"Married her husband!"

"Yes. You know they met by chance at the ball at Coube Castle, and next day Kate took me to town with her. I thought she only went to avoid that interview with you; but afterwards I saw another motive. We traveled up with Mr. Fears, and he made himself almost agreeable, and Kate really looked very well, and was of course very gracious, being Kate.

"A sort of courtship followed, I suppose I must call it so, conducted in a most business-like manner, and then they married again! Oh, do laugh! I can get no one to see the humor of this."

"And will they be happy?"

"Happy? Oh, no; but they won't know they aren't! At present it is all right. For her he is the pivot round which the universe turns, and for him she is the universe. Let us be French, and call it l'egoisme a deux. Thank you, Miss Beton, for smiling. You never saw a pair so perfectly agreed as to dinners."

"Will she give him that cushion when finished, if he still lives?"

"Doctor Calmady," said Miss Beton, decidedly smiling now, "has been deeply interested in this marriage rehash, as he calls it. You should have heard him, Miss Glenorris, teasing Miss Kienon, when he found her at Rose Cottage, because she would not tell him where the marriage was to be. 'You may safely tell us, Miss Kienon,' he said. 'We shall not treat it with levity, for aren't we three all married women together?' Wasn't that like him? But he declares that 'neither her first husband nor her second' can whirl her round in a waltz as he can."

"I suppose," said Joy, her interest thoroughly awake, in spite of the deep-lying sadness in her eyes, "Mr. Fears is what the nurse at the Knoll called 'a wealthy millionnaire'?"

"He is a stockbroker, and may be rich to-day and poor to-morrow; but Kate understands all that, and will enjoy while she can. And, if she survives him, I can fancy —— Why am I thinking of that French king who paused in his game of billards to look out for a moment on the funeral of the woman he had loved, and went back to his game placidly remarking that madame had a bad day for her journey?"

"My dear, never mind French kings," Miss Beton said in one of the short spells of liveliness which followed the slight dislocation of her neck by a too-prolonged droop. "What about Sir Hussey Vickery?"

"I have not seen him. He—he hates the sight of us, and shows it plainly. Like every one else, he is fretting for you, Joy. The Nelsons—that includes Mrs. Calmady and Mrs. Hurd—write of nothing else, and their anxiety grows every day. Lawrence does not join his mother. He never rests far from Merlswood, I believe he thinks Mr. Johnson has you in hiding, and Mr. Meredith stays on for his sake, though he was to join the Nelsons. Iza never asks him to go, but begs him hard to help and comfort Larry, and to send her word of you."

"How good they are to me!" breathed Joy from her heart. "Anne, can you imagine any real unhappiness among the Nelsons, who have each other?"

"Oh, yes," asserted Miss Kienon stoutly, "great unhappiness, lots of unhappiness!

" 'We vex our own with look and tone,
Though we love our own the best.'

You know it, Joy?"

"I think," observed Miss Beton gently, as she rose, "it was Charles Lamb, wasn't it?" who said he liked everything that was book. Anne is like him, isn't she, my dear? Now I am going. My eyes are positively closing of their own accord."

"Joy," said Anne, when they two were left together, and Joy had drawn her low chair close to her cousin's, "I always find when we have been together that you have been the listener. Please tell me something."

"Yes," said Joy, laying her hand on her cousin's, "I will tell you how good it is to have you here."

"I! What am I?" asked Anne, in the bitter tone belonging to those days before Joy came to Merlswood.

"What are you? My friend, if friend means as much as I believe it does, Miss Kienon."

"My dear," said Anne, with almost a smile, "I've read that a friend is one who can finish your sentences for you. I never could have finished one of yours, Joy!"

"You could have finished them better than I ever did myself, Anne."

"About as originally as that young damsel who always finished her love-letters with—

" 'My pen is poor, my ink is pale,
My love to you shall never fail.' "

"Could you have finished them so? Oh, Anne, what better finish could there have been?"

"Such love as mine is worth nothing," said Anne heavily. "How often and often I've wondered why I was ever born! I've no niche to fill! I'm necessary to no one—no one would miss me. No spot in all the world would be the darker or drearier for my absence; and I know the reason is in myself.

"Oh, Joy"—she had made a pause, but not because she guessed how soon her words were to be proved wrong—"it is worth living to be missed as you have been! I remember"—very suddenly and considerately Anne had changed her words and tone—"every incident of last winter. How happy your coming made us all! I never shall forget how it used to make even me smile to notice the difference your presence made everywhere, to every one, I think. Do you recollect our great plans for keeping Christmas, and your——"

"Don't stop, Anne—don't be afraid! I shall be here—poor and useless—at my coming of age, but perhaps I may—keep it in as good a way. I can try—if I live."

"Do you remember the laugh against you when you remitted the winter rents, saying you were sure it was a cold winter, but that Merlswood was too warm for you to be a good judge, declaring you could not take rents at Christmas when you had so much money doing nothing? And so you took half a year's burden from all the people though every one advised you not, except Mr. Lester. He only calmly reminded you that he, being a tenant, should benefit. And you——"

"I flew into a passion," said the girl, sitting up and looking straight into the fire, with a troubled puzzler in her delicate brows. "I often did—always did—with him. Yet he was always kind, always honest with me—always true!"

"Always," assented Anne gravely; and she looked straight into the fire too. "He was

"'A very man—tender and true and strong,
And pitiful!'"

"And pitiful," repeated Joy. "Yes, always pitiful, even to me, Anne"—in a whisper, still with the sorrowful lovely gaze far into the glowing heart of the fire—"can it be true—that you read to me—one day—how 'God above creates the love to reward the love?' Can it? But, if so, it can only be so seldom, and where—it is—deserved. Oh, my dear, have patience with me! Let me tell you—here, where I have fought so vainly against the memory of my wasted life—how I spoilt—and darkened it, by—my own—sin."

CHAPTER XLI.

"TELL me to-morrow," Anne pleaded, knowing how much fatigue the day had brought her cousin.

"Will you," Joy asked, gently laying something in Miss Kienon's hand, "look at this ring?"

It was quite a minute before Anne attempted to speak, still examining the ring she held.

"Was this your mother's wedding-ring, dear?"

"No, my own."

Anne's eyes opened to their widest, and were raised and fixed upon her cousin's face.

"Please read the motto round it inside. Can you see?"

"Yes. It is

"'Hurt not the heart
Whose Joy thou art.'

I understand, dear."

"He had it engraved there, though he never guessed then how very, very soon it was to sound all mockery to me, and how soon I should lose the power of hurting him whose Joy I—— No, I didn't lose the power of hurting him, for I never had it."

"You mean," said Miss Kienon, in her pondering way, while again her eyes were fixed upon the ring, and her thoughts made an unwonted leap, "Mr. Lester. Please do not tell me if it pains you, my dear."

"I should like to"—wistfully—"if you do not mind. I have so often longed to tell you what a—hypocrite I was, how false and deceitful. But I thought I hated him. Yet even when I avoided him, despised him, suspected him, it was different from thinking any one else.

"It was more life to me to be thinking of him than to have other men kind to me—making me happy, as they thought. Even to hate him, it was something to have him in my thoughts—in my life. But now—— Oh, my dear, dear Anne, it is such emptiness!"

"I thoroughly understand," was the quiet reply.

"You understand?" echoed the girl very gently. "You know that, through all his disdain and avoidance of me, I was Gervys Lester's wife. Yet never sure I was so—only fearing."

"Fearing?"

The word was very low, and Anne's bright eyes were raised, yet over her bent face a vivid scarlet spread from chin to brow.

"Yes, fearing he might feel bound to me, though I tried to show him he was not. I told him he was not; I acted as if he were not—just as I tried to prove it to myself, and to act as if I believed it."

"When was it?" Anne asked unwillingly in her cousin's pause.

"It was in Scotland," the girl said dreamily, as she slipped to the rug and leaned against Anne's chair. "It was a Scotch marriage; but it made me his wife—he said and the dear father said—just as an English marriage would in church. We had come from Australia, because it was said that a voyage might benefit the father, and we went to Edinburgh to see a very clever physician there, who had once been his friend.

"Then we knew he must die; and he was anxious about me, because he said that all we lived upon lasted only his life, and that, when he left me, he must not only leave me lonely, but quite poor. Of course he knew, though he did not say it, that I should be a very useless, helpless person to be poor—as I have so truly proved. There had been for five years only he and I—for mother died before I was fourteen—and we two stayed in Scotland, not to be far from this good doctor.

"Rachel was with us, and Wellings, the father's servant then and the man who is called Mortimor here. While they were away, preparing a house for us near Edinburgh, we stayed together, lodging in a comfortable old farm-house in Perthshire, and Gervys Lester joined us there. We had known him in Australia, and—I liked him there very much. Do I tire you very much, Anne?

"Thank you"—taking in her own the hand her cousin laid upon her hair. "I remembered afterwards how often, during those few days, Gervys and father talked together in an earnest quiet way, always ceasing when I came near, and how constantly the father spoke to me of marriage.

"I have thought since that he influenced—but never mind my thoughts. Presently Gervys asked me to marry him, and I never hesitated. I was not an earnest girl to feel how much marriage meant, and the father was so anxious—being ill and likely to leave me—that I never doubted Gervys being anxious too. So we were married at father's bedside, and the farmer and his wife were witnesses, and Gervys seemed happy.

"He seemed glad then, but—— This," with a sudden change of tone, "was my wedding-ring. I mean it is my wedding-ring, for, though I know he is free, and though he will never be anything to me, I must, I must have the joy of feeling I am his wife. It is the only joy possible to me. I was ignorant when he gave me this ring of what love really meant; but, oh, Anne, I have learnt is now!"

"And then?" said Anne, presently breaking the long pause.

"He had promised to leave me with the father, who was so ill that I could not bear to leave him; so next day he went somewhere southward, on business that he had postponed to be with us, and then to London on law business, he said, and I saw that father understood. I was too anxious about him to care about Gervys staying. I think it was next day that Mr. Pardy came and told me all about my inheritance. He told me I was heir to my grandfather's brother, and owner of—oh, you know what I own, Anne! He told me of his own efforts to trace me, his delight at finding me, and being the first to congratulate me. I think—I shall always think—those sudden tidings he brought were worse for the father than sorrowful news could have been. He turned to me and—laughed, and, when he tried to speak, I could not understand. I—never did again. Perhaps it really was my senseless pride in my great fortune, and perhaps it was my anxiety for the dear father who had always been, in his own way, kind to me for my mother's sake, that made me so bewildered all day that Mr. Pardy thought me a child, as I could see. I think now I was wondering all the while how Gervys would receive my marvellous news. He came only in time for—the funeral, hurrying to it; so it was afterwards I told him. Anne, I saw in a moment that it was no real surprise to him! I had expected such astonishment in his face but I saw only gladness!

"Yes, real gladness—and something—quizzical, I think. No amazement. I looked at him anxiously, that I might be quite sure, and, as I looked, it seemed to me that what I had thought just merely friendship for him turned to—hate. I tell you what I thought, Anne. Don't move from me; let me tell you—the truth, for I have been untrue so long. I saw that I had not taken him by surprise, for his face could not deceive me. I think he told me, in some way, how glad he was for me; but I did not listen. I accused him of having known this fortune would soon be mine; and, though he tried to turn my thoughts aside, he could not deny it. He could not, Anne, and he did not even try. My wretched surmise was true. He had married me because he knew that this wealth was coming to me—— Oh, don't contradict me!" cried the girl, feverishly. "Even he himself did not. He only said, quite coolly, that perhaps he did, but not quite in the way I meant. I forget what I said to him; but I remember how the red burnt in his face as he listened, and he only said at last, 'Such a suspicion lowers only yourself, Joy.' Then, I think, in sudden loneliness, I begged him to tell me I was wrong; I begged him to say that he had never known I might be rich, and that the property left to me had nothing to do with his seeking me for his wife. But, Anne, he could not, and even then was too honorable to tell me a falsehood. It was true. Think how I must love him to know that, and yet to—want him so! But then it made me—hate him! I told him our marriage was an empty form only, and would be forgotten by me from that hour. No one knew save the man and woman whom I could bind to secrecy—not even our own servant—and I told him no one ever should know—that I should never be anything to him—never call him friend. I have lately—in the solitude here—wondered whether it really could have been I who said this, and more; but who else would have done it—to him? It was myself, and exactly like myself. But, Anne, I did not love him then; and I think he knew this and forgave me—even was sorry for me perhaps. Now I know that, whether he loved me wholly for my wealth or a little for myself, nothing can change me. If he came and told me himself that he had from the beginning only wanted the property I was to inherit, I should just feel the same, I should just love him the same, wholly and above all. Once he came after that, but I would not see him.

"Then I went away with Rachel—Wellings was dismissed of course. I had no friends in England, as you know; and we lived very quietly in my real mourning, while I tried to prepare myself for the position which I thought it would be easy to uphold. You know how I failed in that, as in other things. Mr. Redby and Mr. Pardy were both kind, and asked me to spend the time with them—one in his mother's name, the other in his wife's; but I wished to live quietly, and try to fit myself for the different life. So, Anne, I had never seen Gervys Lester—I had told him I hoped I should never see him again—until I met him suddenly and unexpectedly at the Knoll, on that day when I was such a hypocrite. Then I heard that he was living close to my home, by his own choice. After that, Anne, you know all."

"You always seemed," Miss Kienon said, musingly, as she touched the pale eager face, "so determined to dislike him."

"Yes, that was it—so determined! I—I suppose, Anne, if I had really disliked him, I should have needed no determination. It was so hard to disdain him, so impossible to be indifferent to him! I never, never could! He cannot forgive me, Anne, can he?"—wistfully. "Never—even he?"

"I think," Anne answered, simply and kindly, in spite of the smarting wounds freshly won, in her own fight, "that he will forgive when he reads in your face what I read to-night, my dear. Now lay your head down in my lap for a few moments' rest."

CHAPTER XLII.

"IS it really true, Mr. Johnson, that the things on the farm sell and bring in all this money—more even than we want?"

"'True as taxes is,'" quoted Mr. Johnson, with as glib a falsehood as the tender and perfidious heart of man ever conceived.

He and Miss Glenorris were going through a peculiar form of auditing accounts, invented by himself, and conducted in a manner to inspire intense confidence in his ingenuousness, and awe of his facility in pursuing an involved method of book-keeping. Indeed the accounts at Ravenstor were kept on so remarkable a system that they certainly would not have borne experienced supervision.

"Then how amply it supplies the house, doesn't it?" Joy asked, with a smile so grateful and so patient that her honorary agent found himself obliged to contemplate the world beyond the wet window-panes, for, like Anne Kienon, he saw that the girl was fading from their midst

"Why, bless me, Miss Glenorris, it ought to supply a house twice the size of this! You eat nothing here. I tell Miss Beton I positively can't get the things consumed. It is my opinion that your housekeeper is allowed to pursue her stingy way unhindered, and never consults you."

"She knows everything so very much better than I do," Joy said, unaware that Mr. Johnson himself had given the woman strict orders never to trouble Miss Glenorris.

"Oh, well, she always will take her own way, like the rest of her parish! I have just come from there, Miss Glenorris, and I found the people seemed actually to be agreeing with their pastor, after having, for countless years, been waging war against anyone who was sent them. It was a wonderful change to hear no complaints, even though nobody went to church; and so I inquired into the matter. 'You say you get on first-rate with this new parson?' 'First-rate,' said they, 'for we do never say nothing to he.' That's her native spot, Miss Glenorris—as you may guess. Well, if she won't use up the products of Ravenstor, we must drop her."

"You know how helpless we should be if we dropped her."

"Then we won't just yet—unless"—with uncertain jocularity—"we do it like the sailor, who carried the old lady ashore from the wreck, and dropped her to pick her up better. That's all for to-day. The new man manages well, and I shall be over again next week."

"You are very kind, Mr. Johnson," Joy said; and he knew how much the words meant, and only answered, briskly, that he wished the weather would change, for rain made everybody low and sad.

But the weather did not change, and for many days after this even Anne Kienon could not leave the house, though she had never been one to let rain keep her indoors. The outlook from Ravenstor was desolate in the extreme, while through the melancholy sound of the rain splashing on the window-panes came the ceaseless roar of the swollen stream as it swept along the rocky valley.

It was on the worst day of all that rainy week, when the rain seemed to fall in sheets, crushing the sturdy bracken, and soaking the little boughs of the old stunted oaks that pined on the steep banks of that stream which had become a torrent, that Mr. Ozanne set out from Princetown to ride across the moor to Ravenstor. But his horse was blinded, and refused to face the storm of rain and wind; so, after wandering astray for hours, he put up at a roadside inn he found.

The next morning, before he had heard what a terrible night this had been on the moor, and how the Plymouth mail had been delayed two hours by a landslip, the little clergyman made another cheery effort against the storm. As he went, he recalled that summer night of the year before, when he had crossed the moor in a dense fog, and at the sound of a woman's cry one man had left the coach, risking even his chance of continuing his journey, just to be of possible service in some unknown peril to unknown people—a young man who was a stranger to him on that night, yet was soon to be known to him as the friend of his old pupil, Wilfred Glenorris, and who was, at his odd little parsonage, to pass through a terrible illness.

"And think," the little clergyman mused to himself, "that it was he who saved my lad from a downward course! I feel as if I ought to have felt it through all my being while he sat so near me on the coach that day. Perhaps I did, and that was why I didn't mind aggravating and detaining that other passenger for his sake. How gratefully and nobly Wilfrid wrote of him! He always was a grateful lad, say what they would of him—a lad always to me—and to his old father, the only child of his old age. I am glad to-day, of all days, that I remember that misty drive and Gervys Lester."

So full were Mr. Ozanne's thoughts of him that, when he stopped at Ravenstor, he actually forgot for whom to ask, though, when he chanced to see Miss Glenorris in the hall, he wondered how, even for one instant, he could have forgotten what an ordeal this visit must be to him.

Joy lingered with him while he discarded his wet waterproof, then led him up-stairs into the then unoccupied sitting-room, and by that time an unwonted sternness had fallen like a mask over his round good-natured face. Joy saw it when he took up his position opposite to her, while he fancied that only to avoid the depressing sight of the wet blank scene without had she seated herself with her back to the window.

It was this foregone conclusion, with the engrossment of his hard thoughts of her, that made his first remarks so scant and chilly, and made him broach so abruptly the motive of this visit.

"I only received your letter at all by the merest chance, Miss Glenorris, and, as you see, very long after you despatched it. Two days ago I might have come to you to answer it; but on that day I heard something which decided me. You must have given me up as a correspondent. As you had been to Exmarsh inquiring for me, my old man felt that I was wanted somewhere for an important reason, and so posted my letters on to me. Having heard me speak of being in Portsmouth, he directed them to the post-office there. I had given no such address, so of course I never dreamed of calling for letters. Last week, by chance, he alluded to these letters, so I sent for them; and now, all this time afterwards, I am come to answer yours, Miss Glenorris."

"Thank you," Joy said, with real gratitude in her soft tones. "I had no right to give you so much trouble."

"You had every right," the little clergyman declared rapidly, "as you are a Glenorris. I have wanted for some time to see you, and have been anxious, as others have, to learn your hiding—your present abode—but more so than ever since the day before yesterday."

"Then I am doubly glad I wrote to you," said Joy, unable to interpret the angry thought which stirred his voice.

"If you could guess how I loved my old pupil, Miss Glenorris, you would feel quite safe in asking anything of me, for the old name's sake."

"I think I do," she answered.

For a moment her evident ignorance of any hostile feeling of his was pathetic in his eyes, but only for a moment. He had steeled his heart against her, and his tone was as severe as was his gaze upon her.

"The lad loved me, too," he said, "odd as he thought me, odd as he called me, for he was too honest not to be outspoken. Even after leaving home in anger he wrote to me, for he knew that, whatever happened, his old tutor must be his friend. He told me everything—as we are apt to say—but he told me most of his great friend who had left the Army on purpose to be with him, who had gone out to Australia with him, and who had there, as once before, saved him from himself. That would be a long story, and does not signify. The great love Wilfred bore this friend was fully deserved, not alone for 'the Borderer's pride of daring'—though that I saw proved—but 'for the Christian's sacrifice.'"

The girl's beautiful sad eyes were raised in a pathetic questioning.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

MARRIED BY CHANCE.—The Count de Montfort lived in single and independant blessedness. He was yet young, very rich, and was surrounded by everything that could give enjoyment to life—except a wife. He had frequently thought of becoming a husband, but always declared it off before the knot was tied. Once, however, he found himself very nearly committing the folly of matrimony. A young person, the daughter of one of his friends, pleased him—her fortune pleased him, not less perhaps, than her beauty and accomplishments; and there were other reasons of convenience, etc., to justify the union.

The Count, who had so frequently made the first step towards matrimony, but as frequently drawn back, had not yet decided upon the course he should adopt in this case; he had promised the friends of the lady repeatedly, but had made no outward sign of performance. His future mother-in-law, however, knowing his weakness in this respect, resolved to bring matters to a termination, and therefore demanded of the Count whether he would or would not marry her daughter, and requested an immediate reply. The Count found himself in great embarrassment. At this moment his fears and hesitation returned with more force than ever—he trembled at the consequences.

To give up his cherished habits of bachelorhood he found was hard—it was almost impossible to abandon them. In this emergency he resolved to appeal to chance. He wrote two letters—in the one he accepted the hand of the young lady, in the other refused it. He then put them into a hat, and called his servant.

"Take one of these letters," said he, "and carry it to the Chateau de Valenardo."

"Which, my lord?"

"Which you please."

The servant chose a letter. The Count burnt the other without opening it.

A distance of ten leagues separated the two chats us. The domestic must be absent twenty-four hours: twenty-four hours must elapse before the Count knew his fate. His situation is anything but agreeable—he knows not during twenty-four hours whether he is a married man or a single one—whether he has still the power to dispose of himself, or whether he is already disposed of. The domestic returned—he had carried the letter of acceptation, and the Count, is the happiest husband in that part of the country.

GOOD-BYE.

BY RITA.

Good-bye, good-bye. The words are said;
We part as strangers part,
And each must turn aside the head,
And still the throbbing heart.
Good-bye, good-bye. No words of love,
Only the bitter pain—
That we must meet as strangers meet,
If e'er we meet again.

Good-bye, good-bye. For deep and wide,
Across our pathway lies
The cruel gulf of wealth and pride,
In which Love faints and dies.
Though hearts may break, no tears must fall;
Bright smiles must hide our pain;
For we must meet as strangers meet,
If e'er we meet again.

Good-bye, good-bye; and this is all.
Still onward flows Life's stream;
The past we neither dare recall—
'Twas but an idle dream.
For Love is lying cold and dead,
He touched our hearts in vain;
For we must meet as strangers meet,
If e'er we meet again.

DOUBLE CUNNING.

BY GEO. MANVILLE FENN.

CHAPTER LXIX.—[CONTINUED.]

A LOSS FOR THE PROFESSION.

"DEAR me! Ah!" said the surgeon, "a very sad case, sir, a very sad case. More painful, I think, than one where the reason is entirely gone."

"Much more."

"Exactly; for where the reason is quite gone, it's quite gone."

"Exactly."

"And the patient never thinks."

"Of course not."

"And did he saw through that iron bar?" he continued, as they slowly descended the stairs to the dining-room, where a comfortable breakfast was spread.

"Yes; and he must have got through it in one day with a table knife," said Sheldrake.

"I wonder you let him have table knives," said the surgeon.

"What is one to do?" said Sheldrake. "But pray sit down. You must breakfast with us. Ah! here is Mrs. John Range, my sister-in-law. Sarah, dear, Mr. Harrington. Poor Arthur is all right now."

"And calm?" said Sarah, after the customary bows.

"Oh, yes! pretty well. But you were saying about table knives. It is my fault. I pleaded, and Doctor Parkins gave way. We are obliged to keep him shut up; but, excepting that, I want him to feel as little as possible that he is a prisoner."

They took their seats, and the breakfast commenced.

"Well, there is something in that," said the surgeon, who began to enjoy some well-cooked ham.

"I argue that the less he has to remind him of his condition the better."

"Of course, of course! Thanks; yes, coffee, if you please. Just what you said, Mr. Range—the idea about the enormous wealth."

"Yes," said Sheldrake, sadly; "only he generally makes it billions instead of millions."

"And the other matter came up, I noticed about the lady. I presume that was the lady he named?"

"Yes, poor fellow! Sweet girl. She never meant anything, but he was wild after her. It's wonderful to me."

"By no means wonderful," said the surgeon. "Sexuality is the cause of numberless cases of insanity year by year. One often finds people mad through love, but not always combined with the belief as to wealth. Billions, eh?"

"Of dollars," said Sheldrake, quickly; "not pounds. Poor boy, he has money, you know—a nice little bit; and I believe the time is coming round when he will enjoy it. As Dr. Parkins here will tell you, his fits are not so violent; and where he has one now he used to have ten."

"You can't do better than keep on with this course of living here quietly as you do. It is a sacrifice, of course."

"Oh, we don't mind that," said Sarah, with the tears in her eyes, "if we can bring my husband's brother back to what he was."

"And he actually leaped from the top of the house into that grand old cedar?"

"Cut through the bar, climbed up the ivy as I told you, and leaped off. I don't think he knew that there was a tree there, or anything else. His fit was so bad. We tried to catch him, but it was impossible. He was active as a wild cat. Fortunately, the tree was there. Look, you can see the broken branches that saved him."

Sheldrake rose and held aside the curtain where four good-sized boughs lay on the grass, snapped off, and beneath the tree.

"A wonderful escape!" said the surgeon, who then rose and left, promising to look in soon again.

"Very nearly a wonderful escape," said Mewburn, shrugging his shoulders, and unfastening the sling that supported his sham injury—one of the effective little bits of scenery suggested by Sheldrake to help the drama. "You think it's safe, speaking so plainly about it all?"

"Safe? The plan, Nathan! Why, I believe if our friend did get away the police would bring him back. I say, he looked curiously at you. These fellows are not fond of foreign diplomas; but I set him right by deferring to his opinion."

"And my declaration that I never interfered in surgery. Ha! ha! ha! That pleases them. They're as jealous as a jilted woman."

He glanced at Sarah, and then dropped his eyes, for she gave him so fierce a look that it set him thinking of the unpleasant things he had read about what angry, jealous women would do.

"Don't you be uneasy, Nathan."

"But this surgeon will go and talk the matter all over the village."

"Of course he will."

"But it will be such an exposure."

"Rubbish, man! Invisible bolts, locks, and bars about him. Can't you see that the impression will be favorable for us, and unfavorable for him upstairs?"

Mewburn shook his head.

"No, I cannot," he said, very gloomily. "It seems to me that the game is pretty well up."

"To be sure! Range will throw up his cards directly. My dear boy, can't you see? Our behavior to our brother will look quite rosy. What do we do?—call in the best help in the neighborhood—so the surgeon thinks. What does Range do? I say again. The maddest act possible, and stamps himself in the neighborhood as what we set about."

Just then there was a loud ring at the gate bell, and soon after Jane brought in a card.

"Gentleman to see you, sir," she said, as she slowly handed the neat card to Sheldrake.

The latter frowned as he read aloud, "'Reverend Frederick Farleigh.' Who's he?"

"The curate at the little church," said Sarah Pannell.

"Ah!" said Sheldrake, with a sneer, "I see. But what does he want here?"

"Subscriptions for some fund or another!" said Sarah, contemptuously.

"So early in the morning?" said Sheldrake, uneasily. "No; I don't think it's that. He must have heard the report, and come to have it confirmed. Men of his kind have an unpleasant way of getting to the bottom of everything fresh. What shall we do?"

"Say we're out, or engaged," cried Mewburn.

"No, no! we had better see him," said Sheldrake. "Show him in the drawing-room, Jane, and we will come."

Just about that time Arthur Range, who had been suffering bitter mental, as well as bodily, agony, after lying for a long time in silence, suddenly moaned forth a few words.

It seemed as if he was in utter forgetfulness of the presence of Pannell, for there was a good deal of fever, and a touch of delirium, consequent upon the terrible excitement of the night and his severe injury.

"Did you speak, Range, old fellow?" said Pannell, in his frank, cheery voice.

There was no reply, for Range lay staring wildly up at the ceiling.

"And he, too, thinks me mad!" he cried at last, in a piteous voice.

"Why, of course he does!" said Pannell, good-humoredly. "What person in his senses would not say a man was mad who took a header off the top of a house like this?"

Range started, as if awakened by his words, gazed at him for a few moments wildly, and then closed his eyes.

Pannell watched him with a good-tempered, sympathetic look upon his countenance, and then, after refilling his pipe, proceeded to make use of his great strength to bend the filed-through bar accurately back into its place.

CHAPTER LXX.

THE BREAD THROWN UPON THE WATERS.

SHELDRAKE and Sarah Pannell entered the drawing-room they had comfortably furnished with Range's money, to find a young-looking clergyman, with rather a thin, careworn look, and deeply cut lines about the corners of his eyes and mouth, walking up and down.

Sheldrake gave the card he held a wave towards a chair, and as soon as they were seated treated the visit as one of ceremony, in spite of the early hour, and waited for the demand he expected for some parochial expense, which he intended to accept and respond to, for reasons of his own.

"Most delightful spring morning," he said.

"Yes, exactly," said the visitor, in a quick firm manner. "We have not had the pleasure of meeting before, Mr. Range, due, perhaps, to our both being new comers. It is my fault."

"Not at all," said Sheldrake.

"The fact is," said the visitor, "I am here upon a rather unpleasant mission. I must be frank with you."

"Pray do," said Sheldrake. "Is it—shall my sister-in-law leave us?"

"Perhaps—if the lady will please excuse me."

"There is no need to apologise," said Sarah rising with dignity; and the young clergyman hastened to open the door for her and bow, coloring slightly as he met her eye in passing.

"Is it anything very serious?" said Sheldrake. "If you want help I must decline. I belong to rather a peculiar branch of the Established Church in the United States, and I make it a rule never to undertake clerical duty during my stay in England, on my brother's account."

"It is that latter," said the visitor. "You said your brother's account?"

"Exactly. He is an invalid," said Sheldrake, whose acting was perfect in its simplicity; and he never excited suspicion by saying too much.

"I presume we mean the same patient. The fact is, Mr. Range, several of my parishioners have been talking about your house, notably one Isaac King, a butcher, who reports to me that there was a very terrible scene enacted here last night. Is this, may I ask, a private asylum?"

"Oh, dear no!" replied Sheldrake, calmly. "I am not surprised at the village people talking about such matters. Yes, there was a terrible scene enacted. My poor brother had one of his periodical fits, and—ah! I don't like to talk about it," he said, shuddering. "He literally jumped from the top of the house!"

"Horrible, horrible!" muttered the visitor.

"Fortunately, it was into that great tree, the cedar, and its boughs saved him. He has got off with a broken arm. Perhaps you know Mr. Harrington, the surgeon? He has just gone, after setting the poor fellow's arm."

"Oh, yes! I know Mr. Harrington," said the visitor, watching Sheldrake very keenly.

"I don't know whether I ought to resent your interference," said Sheldrake, smiling. "Perhaps I ought; but I suppose you mean well?"

"Of course, and I beg that you will not resent it. This matter having taken place here—in a parish of which I have the care—and in the face of the atrocities that have been committed under the shield of the word Lunacy, I felt bound to try and investigate the matter."

"Quite right, my dear sir," said Sheldrake in his most frank manner. "You had a little suspicion, then, that there was something wrong?"

"To be frank, sir, I had."

"Ah, yes! Well, I suppose anyone outside would think so, for there is something so horrible in keeping a man shut up behind iron bars like some savage creature," said Sheldrake, sadly; "but what are we to do, my dear sir? I don't see why I should enter into all these particulars to a stranger, but you are a clergyman."

"Believe me, it is from no inquisitive motives that I call; it is from a desire to do that which is right."

"I believe you sir," said Sheldrake, bowing; "but, as I was saying, what are we to do? It is horrible to send your own flesh and blood to a private asylum, especially in a case like my brother's, where for weeks he will be as sane as we are, and then break out into a violent fit requiring strong repression. You know what keepers are, and the treatment people receive."

"Yes, I have heard a great deal," said the visitor.

"Exactly," continued Sheldrake, in a deep, emotional voice. "Well, we felt that we could not bear the thought of such a life for the poor fellow, so we gave up our own, took this place, and have him entirely under our own eye, with a resident medical man, who devotes himself entirely to my brother's case, and gives us great hope."

"He gives you hope?"

"Certainly, and I feel that he is right. A year ago my poor brother was raving in these fits every week, telling people that he was enormously rich, and going to be married to a lady, an English lady. Then he would break out and commence spending every penny he could obtain, and we were compelled to place him under restraint to keep him out of mischief. Designing people would have got hold of him, and his little fortune would have gone like water into the earth."

"A sad story this, Mr. Range," said the young clergyman, whose suspicions seemed to be completely disarmed.

"Sad? Yes; but we have hope. I believe he will be quite restored at last. The painful point is that most common one in lunacy; the poor fellow has taken an intense dislike to all whom he used to love. He refuses to know us, and accuses us of being leagued against him—as we are, poor fellow"—here there was a deep sigh—"for his good."

"I have heard it is a very common thing."

"But none the less painful, and, of course, strangers naturally feel sympathy for a man in his position, and are ready to believe him."

"It is the idea that cruelty is practiced arouses people's suspicions," said the clergyman, watching Sheldrake very narrowly.

"That, and the story he loves to dwell upon, that he is a kind of Monte Cristo—a man of fabulous wealth, and money makes such an impression upon the vulgar."

The visitor bowed his head.

"He promises large sums to anybody who will help him away from us, and the troubles we have had before of this kind make us very careful to lead a retired life till he recovers."

"You are from the States?"

"Oh, yes! but we thought we'd come over and try the change, and more equable climate of England."

So far, Sheldrake's acting had been admirable.

The visitor had come in the full belief that something was wrong, and that an unfortunate was being kept a prisoner; but the story he heard was so plausible, so simply and frankly told, that suspicion was completely disarmed, and the Reverend Frederick Farleigh felt that his zeal was misplaced, that a crusade against such a man as this would be Quixotic, so that nothing remained for him to do but apologise, and, after a few words of sympathy, take his leave.

But there was something else going to happen.

Clever people who prey upon their fellow-creatures are, as a rule, adepts in villainy; but every now and then they fail, not from want of skill, but from being too clever.

Every now and then, too, when a murder is planned and committed, the culprit is detected through his over-cleverness.

In short, villainy often comes to grief from over-acting.

Frank Sheldrake was one of those men to whom judges are wont to say, "You possessed every qualification for winning a high position in life, but you chose to devote your talents to dishonest practices, and now you reap the reward."

Sheldrake as an honest man might have risen high; but he chose the other career, looking upon mankind as pigeons to whom he played the hawk.

Clever and scheming to a degree, with his mental organisation veined, as it were, with that low type of ability to scheme known as cunning, he, too, could be too clever, be double cunning, and overreach himself, as he did now in his endeavor to completely disarm suspicion.

For, as the visitor rose and held out his hand, he said, quietly, and in the full belief that the offer would be declined:

"You will come and see my poor brother?"

The Reverend Frederick Farleigh did not shrink back and say, "Oh, no! it would be too painful," or "I think my presence might irritate him," but exclaimed out at once:

"Yes; I should like it much."

Sheldrake was not taken aback. He nodded and smiled.

"This way," he said, feeling that to make one excuse now would be perdition, but mentally cursing his slip as he spoke. "Be perfectly calm with him. You need fear no violence. Humor him if he asks you to write to people of title, and don't seem to express the slightest doubt if he tells you he is worth millions of money. He may not allude to these matters, but he probably will.

"He is sure to say that we are a set of rogues and cheats who keep him in prison, the doctor being the worst of the party. There, now, I think you are prepared. By the way, though, side with him against us. Don't doubt him in the least."

"Ah! doctor," he said, as they encountered Mewburn in the hall; "this is our friend the vicar."

"I beg pardon," said the visitor, "curate."

"Curate," said Sheldrake, smiling. "He has expressed a desire to see your patient. We may go, I suppose?"

"Well—er—" began Mewburn, hesitatingly. Then, in obedience to a look from Sheldrake, he went on, "Ye—es, I think you may. Be perfectly calm, and listen to all he says. He is very clear now. I quite hope the shock of his fall may prove a sort of counter-irritant and do him good. Don't allude to ladies if can help it. It is a singular thing, sir, that an ordinary-looking girl like our servant can go in and out of my patient's chamber at any time; but if Mrs. Range—his sister-in-law—or any other well-dressed lady, comes in sight he is furious. Thanks, no; I will not come up again. I would not stop long."

"We will not," said Sheldrake, blandly. "This way, Mr. Farleigh. Fine old house this. I took a fancy to it directly I saw it. Reminds me of our Boston. The old American folks took your English fashions over, and there they are still in the form of our houses, in spite of the French fads and Parisian ideas.

"Here we are," he said, opening a baize door, and then passing through another, down a passage to a door at the end. "Obliged to be prison-like as the locks and bolts, Mr. Farleigh; otherwise he has perfect freedom, and we have given him a splendidly airy room."

He passed in, and held the door open for the visitor.

Pannell was seated by the window, book in one hand, pipe in the other, watching the progress of his flower-garden.

Range was lying half asleep upon his bed but ready to start into wakefulness and stare at those who entered the room.

His face was slightly flushed, and there were a few scratches upon his closely-shaven head as he raised it, gazing straight at the visitor, who advanced quietly with a smile upon his face, and with outstretched hand.

In an instant Range's countenance changed: his eyes flashed, his lips parted, and in spite of his injured arm he started up in the bed.

"At last! A friend at last!" he cried, passionately.

Range's new visitor gave him a pitying look, and then half turned to Sheldrake, while Pannell rose in a lumbering way and looked from one to the other.

"Here! quick!" cried Range. "Listen to me. "I am kept a prisoner here—by these men."

The young clergyman seemed to be petrified—his eyes fixed upon the strangely-excited and convulsed face.

It was all strange to him, so smoothly shaven, like the prisoner's head. The voice seemed like the echo of one he had heard once before; but that face was not familiar. No, he could not recognize it, and he involuntarily shook his head.

Sheldrake looked uneasy, and turned to Pannell, who gave his broad shoulders a shrug, while his face seemed to say, "Well, it is no doing of mine; you brought him up here."

"I think," said Sheldrake, hastily, "that perhaps it would be better to——"

"Silence!" cried Range, fiercely. Then turning to the visitor, "Oh, man, man!" he cried, "do you not know me again?"

The visitor again shook his head.

"Forgotten? So soon? Oh, Heaven! is there no help for such a one as I?"

"My dear sir——" the visitor began.

"Do you not know me, I say?" cried Range, interrupting him, angrily. "Range—Arthur Range."

"Yes," cried the young clergyman, quickly; "it is the same name. I ought to have known you at once: but——"

"Mr. Farleigh," whispered Sheldrake, plucking him by the sleeve, "I must ask you, for his sake, to come away. I am afraid that the poor fellow is going to have one of his worst fits."

"You do—you do remember me, then?" cried Range, with a hysterical cry.

"Yes, of course; but, my poor fellow——

"Look at him!" cried Sheldrake. "Mr. Farleigh, you see his eyes? It is not right to stay with him now. My dear John, lay him back gently for the blood to get its proper flow. Mr. Farleigh, I beg, I must insist. No, pray come down."

He spoke with a blandly calm air, and went to the door, with an appealing look at the visitor who had advanced to Range.

"My dear sir," cried Sheldrake, more firmly, "pray come down."

"No, not yet!" cried the visitor, excitedly. "I know this gentleman well. I have good cause. Thank God! Thank God! It is my turn now!"

CHAPTER LXXI.

AN UGLY THREAT.

"MY dear sir!" cried Mr. Farleigh, his voice trembling with emotion, which he vainly tried to master as he caught Range's hand in his, "you are so changed—so altered—I could not tell—I—I——"

He choked; his eyes were suffused with the weak tears, and for a few moments there was a pause. Then, stamping his foot in the effort he made over himself to master his emotion, he stood up erect and firm by the bedside, as if ready to defend Range against attack.

"Then it is true," he said, "you are kept a prisoner here?"

"Yes, by these men. They pretend that I am mad."

Pannell came forward with an angry glare in his eyes, but Sheldrake touched him on the arm.

"Be still, Jack!" he said, quietly, and with a slight shrug of his shoulders. "It is too late now to prevent a scene." Then, turning to Farleigh, "You have met my brother, then, before?"

"Yes; last August—in town—when he befriended me—in a way——

His voice grew husky, and failed him again in the intensity of his emotion; but he mastered it, and, drawing himself up, said, firmly—

"Mr. Range here played the good Samaritan to me when I was dying in the great city yonder. My time has come now to pay the debt."

"Indeed!" said Sheldrake, calmly. "He lent you money, then?"

"Yes," said the young clergyman, coloring, but speaking firmly.

"That must have been when he got away, then, John," said Sheldrake. "I wondered how he had spent that cash."

Farleigh caught every word as he turned to Range, who clung to him with his uninjured hand.

"Don't heed what they say," he whispered. "Take some steps at once to set me free. They pretend they are my brothers. They are adventurers—scoundrels. I am enormously rich—it is to get my money. Spare no expense. If it costs thousands I can repay it."

Farleigh felt a shudder run through him, and the lines in his face deepened as Range went on—

"Go to the police—to a magistrate! You see I am treated as if I were mad!"

"Pray end this, Mr. Farleigh," said Sheldrake, plucking him up by the sleeve.

"Let me hear all he has to say, sir," replied the visitor.

"Yes; for pity's sake—for heaven's sake, hear me out!" cried Range, his manner growing more and more excited as he read in the young clergyman's face that his words were not having the right effect.

"You see the mischief you are doing," whispered Sheldrake. "Five minutes of this will undo six months of our toil."

"Don't listen to him!" cried Range, hoarsely. "You see I am weak and broken by their ill-usage. I tell you I am not mad!"

"Pray, pray be calm! I will listen to you," said Farleigh.

"Yes—yes! pray listen!" cried Range. "Not mad—but starved—my broken arm—use money—my great wealth!"

Sheldrake gave the visitor a meaning glance, which he caught, and the strangeness of the appeal shook his faith again.

"To Miss Nesbit," continued Range, whose words grew more broken, his speech less coherent; for the delirium consequent upon his injury and the excitement was upon the increase, and, added to his shaven head and surroundings, gave intense color to the words of Sheldrake spoken below.

"Yes, yes!" said Farleigh, quickly. "I am your friend; I will help you; but you must be calm. This excitement—this——"

Range drew back from him, holding him at arm's length, and stared at him wildly, fighting the while the cloud that was enveloping his brain.

He mastered it, and for the moment spoke firmly and clearly.

"Help me!" he cried passionately; and he darted a savage, despairing look of hate at Sheldrake, who stood there apparently troubled and wrinkled of brow, but watchful as a cat, as he saw that matters were working for his end.

"Yes, yes! I am your friend, and I will."

"I helped you," cried Range, "I can see—I saved you when—you know—the bridge—the water—that morning! Help me now—these men—from these devils—who are——"

"Be calm, be calm," whispered Farleigh, who was suffering under intense emotion.

Range forced him back, staring at him wildly; and then loosing his hold, he threw up his hand and literally shrieked—

"Oh, heavens! and he too thinks me mad!"

"You see what you are doing," whispered Sheldrake, in an imploring voice.

Range lost the hold he had fought to keep upon himself, and the cloud came down. His eyes were bloodshot and wild, his voice hoarse, and his words incoherent as he struggled up fiercely now and made a horrible effort to use his broken arm.

"Fiends! demons!" he shrieked. "Help—help! You—you—help—help! Do you not see—mad they say I'm mad—help!"

"You must hold him, my dear Jack," said Sheldrake, with a sob, and the tears streamed down his cheeks. "Call Parkins up! Mr. Farleigh, as a Christian man, I implore you! I did wrong to bring you here."

Farleigh's hands were clasped, and he stood staring helplessly from one to the other; then, with a piteous sigh, he followed Sheldrake to the door as Range fell back, with closed eyes, insensible upon the pillow, Jack Pannell's strong hands being needless to keep him quiet now.

"It was a mistake," said Sheldrake, as they descended the stairs. "Parkins, go up directly!" he called over the balustrade. "He has had another fit.

"I was afraid of it," said Mewburn, as he passed them hurriedly; and he shook his head and tightened his lips.

"I thought after last night's trouble he would have been calm," sighed Sheldrake, with a piteous look at his visitor, as they stood once more in the dining-room.

Farleigh was half stunned.

"You met the poor boy, then, in London?" said Sheldrake.

"Yes, yes!" said Farleigh, hastily.

"We were weeks hunting for him. He escaped us, and went down in the country and annoyed some lady, I believe. Then he returned to town, and we found he had been to our agent, and he let him have a hundred pounds for me, as he thought."

Sheldrake watched his visitor cautiously, to see if he had mentioned a large enough sum, and then, satisfied that he was on the right track, he continued: "When we found him he had not a shilling, and he had run up a heavy bill at the place where he had been staying. Poor lad! poor lad!"

Sheldrake sank upon a couch and covered his face with his hands.

Farleigh stood looking down upon him as he sat there, his shoulders heaving with suppressed emotion—a brother minister suffering terrible mental anguish.

The young clergyman was drawn in two ways. At first, on seeing Range, he had felt that he was the victim of these men. Then the poor fellow had so repeated the artful suggestions of his jailers that the first shock changed his visitor's belief. The delirious wanderings, the wild cries, the evident disorder of his mind compelled it, and Farleigh's heart sank, for now even Range's manly, charitable act told against him.

"Would a sane man have placed twenty pounds in the hands of such a lot, besotted castaway as I was then?"

He stood thinking and gazing down at Sheldrake for some moments.

"You must forgive me, Mr. Range, if I seemed suspicious. I ask your pardon."

Sheldrake bent his head lower.

"You will let me come and see my poor friend again?"

"Yes. Come—pray come," murmured Sheldrake, sadly, but without raising his face. "He will be better soon. When he is calm he will be glad to see you."

"Thank you," said Farleigh, huskily. "He did me such a vital service that my heart goes forth to him as to a brother. Good-bye," he continued, laying his hand softly on the scoundrel's shoulder; "Heaven help you in your affliction—Heaven help him and give him back his clouded reason!"

Sheldrake made a motion as if to rise.

"No, no," said Farleigh, softly, "I can find my way out. There; I will ring. You need not stir. Believe me, this terrible trouble will be respected by me, and that I shall use my best efforts to hush all scandalous talk about my friend."

Sheldrake bowed lower, and, in a broken voice, muttered a few thanks, showing a fiercely vindictive countenance as he watched the departing visitor, when Jane opened and closed the gate.

"A confounded idiotic fool!" he muttered. "Ha! ha! ha! Sarah" he continued, as the woman entered the room, "cry 'mad dog!' and how the people run!"

"You are going too far with him!" cried Sarah, fiercely.

"What, with that parson?"

"No; with Arthur Range. He is raving up there."

"Not he. You mind your own business."

"No; it is mine. You wait for your share of the spoil."

"I tell you," she cried, "that if any harm happens to that poor fellow upstairs——"

"Stop; listen to me," he said, catching her by the wrist and holding it firmly down. "You hear, see, and say nothing. I've got enough to do to work this game without the meddling of a woman. Look here, Sarah, my handsome virago, interfere with me in the least and Jack shall know that you really like this fool; and, if he only realizes it, I wouldn't give much for such a life as yours."

"You miserable coward!"

"Am I?" he said, sneeringly. "Hark here, beauty: you hate me!"

"Bitterly!" she said, with a forced laugh.

"Jack loves you—like an elephant as he is—and if he thought you were false he'd behave like one—he'd beat you down and trample you to death."

"You never told me that when you tried to get me to listen to you," she retorted.

"Never mind about that," said Sheldrake. "I only warn you once more: you interfere with me in my plans, or meddle about that milksop, and Jack Pannell knows everything that I keep a secret—there!"

"And now look here," said Sarah, with her handsome eyes flashing. "Jack will believe me before he believes you, and if you make bad blood between us, I'll——"

"Well, what?"

"Never mind; but listen to me, Frank Sheldrake, you'll never see Dixey's Land again."

At that moment Mewburn and Pannell entered, both looking very serious.

"The game's up!" said the former excitedly. "All this money thrown away! What are we going to do—get off at once?"

"To do? Get off? Why what are you thinking about, Nathan? There's no money wasted."

"But the whole affair will be the talk of the neighborhood."

"Let the neighborhood talk. We are right enough, my dear boy. The parson has gone away believing it all and sympathising with me. He is coming again."

"But you won't let him?"

"I don't know—perhaps—we shall see. But how did he get that file?"

"From that butcher fellow. He's been prowling about here for days. I've seen him," said Pannell.

"You don't think that girl had anything to do with it" said Sheldrake, sharply.

"No," replied Pannell; "she is too stupid! Next time I see him I'll send the dogs round outside the wall."

"It's this parson we have to fear," said Sheldrake. "He may prove troublesome, but not till after he has been again. He is off the scent now, and we have nothing to mind only it is time Range was screwed up. He must pay. We have waited long enough."

"But," said Mewburn, "I know you are wrong. At any moment we may have his friends down upon us in search of the missing man. You would use his name."

"I know what I am doing," said Sheldrake, sharply. "He is not a missing man. He is over here for a trip, and he has no friends but that razor-faced old Yank."

"Ah, yes! we shall have mischief with him if he takes up the hunt."

"He has not taken up the hunt," said Sheldrake, coolly. "Now just go on please as if nothing had happened. I think you fellows might have a little confidence in me by now."

"Yes, yes!" said Mewburn, biting his nails; "but that parson——"

"Is off the scent, I tell you. There, that will do."

* * * * * *

The Reverend Frederick Farleigh certainly was off the scent for the time; but the time was short.

He walked sadly back to his apartments, shocked at the turn things had taken, and ready to believe that Range was indeed mad.

He ran over in review all that he could recall in respect of his conduct and words, and, for a time, his heart sank as he thought of the sudden display of generosity—that act which had stayed the thinker just as he was sliding away, and had enabled him to check himself ready for the turn in his fortunes which had, after much waiting, placed him there in a position of trust, with the past, seeming like a dream.

"It is too plain," he said; "the poor fellow has these terrible fits. Oh, it was horrible!"

He shuddered, and, for the rest of the day, went about heart-sick, and feeling as if a terrible load was upon his brain.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

HANDWRITING OF THE PRESIDENTS.—In the executive office of the United States senate there are preserved all the executive messages of presidents of the United States from the foundation of the government. Though not often referred to, some of these documents are becoming worn, and recently the secretary of the senate caused selections to be made from the files, with a view to preserving some of the interesting autographs in a cabinet by themselves. It appears from this collection that none of the presidents, with the exception of Washington and Jefferson, would be marked above 50 for penmanship by a civil service commission. Washington's first contribution to the collection embodies nominations for judges, marshal and attorneys for the districts of New York and New Jersey; and at the end of the same documents are the nominations of Thomas Jefferson, Edmund Randolph and Samuel Osgood, for secretary of state, attorney-general and postmaster-general respectively. The signature is written in a fair, legible hand, which would pass to-day for that of a man not entirely careless of appearance, yet having confidence enough in his own work to let the details of penmanship take care of themselves. The documents, as a whole, fall far below the present standard of clerical excellence.

A RELIC of the old days of barter in produce exists in Wayne, Me. J. M. Gott is still paying to Charles Gott twelve bushels of potatoes a year in accordance with a sale of land, made long ago for that amount, to be delivered annually during the latter's natural life.

Scientific and Useful.

CELLULOID.—A good imitation of celluloid may, according to a continental journal, be made from potato pulp. The mode of preparation is simple. Potatoes after being peeled are boiled for several hours in water containing eight per cent. of sulphuric acid. The resulting pasty mass is then deprived of its adherent moisture by pressure, and is afterwards moulded into any required form. It is said that good billiard balls can be made of this substance, and that pipe-bowls manufactured from it are difficult to distinguish from meerschaum.

MAPS IN RELIEF.—A new method of producing maps in relief has been invented and patented. The maps are produced by chemical and mechanical processes; and the hills, vales, watercourses, &c. of a country are shown with such accuracy, that their height, depth, and extent can be readily measured. The maps are printed upon thin paper, which can be rolled up and put in the pocket without injury; nor are they injured even if soaked in water for several hours. Such maps—which can be as cheaply produced as charts will prove a boon to our schoolmasters and their pupils.

SCRAP BOOK.—A very convenient scrap book is a pasteboard box, 9 inches long, 6½ broad and 4 deep. When you take the lid off you see twenty-six compartments, each lettered. Keep several of these boxes. Label one "biography," another "politics," another "literature," and so on. You cut out an article on "Grant." You fold it up and slip it in the "G" department of your biography box and it is all right. No pasting, no trouble. When you want to throw away a clipping all you have to do is to draw out the slip. For busy people this is a capital arrangement. Rubber bands should be kept on the boxes, and the boxes should be kept in a desk or case.

WOOD AND DECAY.—In a new mixture to prevent wood from decaying two hundred and fifty gallons of water are mingled with twenty pounds of lime and ten pounds of salt. In this mixture the wood is boiled until quite saturated. Shingles so prepared will last for roofing purposes for many years, although unprotected with paint. With regard to the fire-resisting powers of wood so prepared, experiments showed that when soaked in naphtha and set alight, the shingles would not catch fire, although, of course, the liquid burned itself out. A curious point in this method of preparing timber is that it is the best applied to green wood, as then the sap cells are open, and will better absorb the solution.

IVY.—There is a widespread belief that ivy trained against the walls of a dwelling-house is productive of damp walls and general unhealthiness. The very opposite of this is really the case. If any one will carefully examine an ivy-clad wall after a shower of rain, he will notice that while the overlapping leaves have conducted the water from point to point until it has reached the ground, the wall beneath is perfectly dry and dusty. More than this, the thirsty shoots which force their way into every crevice of the structure which will afford a firm hold, act like suckers, in drawing out any particles of moisture for their own nourishment. The ivy, in fact, acts like a great-coat, keeping the house from wet, and warm into the bargain.

Farm and Garden.

FOREST TREES.—To take up a young forest says a correspondent, first wind a wet sack around the stem, close to the ground, so tightly that it cannot slip; then take a timber hitch with a small cable-chain, cut off a few roots on the side opposite the steady team, and you will get nearly every root whole, and plenty of soil.

MOLES.—One way of catching moles is thus described: Take two old cow horns and place point to point, turning the hollows outward in the track of the mole, and then replace the earth over them. The mole will come along soon and crawl into the horn just as far as he can go, and remain there trying to get through, as he cannot turn round, and moles never go backwards. Scratch up and examine your horns occasionally and you will very soon have your mole.

SLUGS.—To catch them lay cabbage-leaves upon which some fresh lard has been spread, near the plants in most danger of the depredations of the slugs. This is done in the evening, and early next morning most of the slugs near by will be found under the leaves. They may then be scraped off and destroyed, and by keeping the leaves in a cool, shady place during the day-time, they may be used for many nights.

TUBS AND PAILS.—Tubs and pails saturated with glycerine will not shrink and dry up, the hoops will not fall off, and there will be no necessity for keeping these articles soaked. Butter tubs keep fresh and sweet, and can be used a second time. Leather treated with it also remains moist, and is not liable to crack and break.

SWINE.—If you keep swine confined during summer supply them with green food in part. Tender grass and pig weeds from the fence corners and garden may be used to advantage. A little charcoal should be given once a week, and occasionally some very rotten wood if the pigs are fat. A small quantity of sulphur in the food now and then is also commended.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
FOUNDED, A.D. 1821

PHILADELPHIA, JUNE 13, 1885.

Purity, Progress, Pleasure and Permanence are conspicuously ineffaceable features written by the finger of Time on the venerable record of this paper. To the thousands who have drawn many of their noblest thoughts and much of their sweetest enjoyment from its familiar columns, in the two generations covering its history, renewed assurances of devotion to their gratification and improvement are superfluous. THE SATURDAY EVENING POST exists solely to serve the best interests and promote the truest pleasures of its patrons and readers. It hopes to constantly deserve the unswerving approval of its great army of old and new friends. It aspires to no higher ambition. To accomplish this, nothing shall impede the way. The best productions of the noblest thinkers and the finest writers will fill its columns, and the unwearied energies of the most careful editors shall be continuously devoted to its preparation. Nothing impure or debasing will be permitted to defile its pages nor make them an unworthy visitor to any home. The most Graphic Narrations, Instructive Sketches, Fascinating Stories, Important Biographical Essays, Striking Events, Best Historical Descriptions, Latest Scientific Discoveries, and other attractive features adapted to every portion of the family circle, will appear from week to week, while the Domestic, Social, Fashion and Correspondence Departments will be maintained at the highest possible standard of excellence. Its sole aim is to furnish its subscribers with an economical and never-failing supply of happiness and instruction, which shall be as necessary to their existence as the air they breathe. While myriads of silken threads in the web of memory stretch far back in the history of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, it will never rest on past laurels, but keep fully abreast of all genuine progress in the spirit of the age in which the present generation lives. It earnestly seeks and highly appreciates the favor and friendship of the pure and good everywhere, but desires no affiliation with, nor characteristic approval from, their opposites.

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
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Sensible Summer Recreations.

The idea that the world is just becoming fit to live in, may smack of pragmatical smartness from sources which are inappreciative of the glorious heritages the ancients have bequeathed us, but may simultaneously startle us into thoughts which would otherwise sleep in endless dormancy. If we look back for a generation or so, and think of the time when Fourth of July or Christmas, was about the only basis of recreative enjoyment that greeted the average youth through the whole dreary year of desolate constraint and perpetual application, and compare the universal prevalence of practices which now apportion to almost everyone regular periods of relaxation and recuperation, necessarily augmented by numerous legal holidays, there is abundant cause to rejoice at substantial advances made in true methods of happy existence. "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy," now acknowledged by everybody, is as true as though written by Solomon himself. Indeed the tendency of late years seems to be, that Jack, and his sister, too, are prone to give preponderance to play, not wholly consistent with their obligations in other directions. There is scarcely a rural neighborhood, nor a crowded city locality, which does not now pay homage to the summer recreation idea in the way of pic-nics and excursions, that would have made former generations dumb with amazement. This is all in the right direction. Nothing better for the general good can be encouraged than that life itself is given for the purpose of extracting the utmost enjoyment from its possession, consistent with surrounding circumstances and daily duties. Caution should, however, be used to restrain the natural inclination for carrying everything into excess, or an indulgence of even good things, until they become a species of dissipation. Incessant toil and application are not the highest stages of existence, but constant and excessive indulgence of these opposites is positive debasement. A proper union of the two produces superior enjoyment. The present hard times have eliminated considerable foolishness from the average mind which no other process would have accomplished. My lady now finds that seven Saratogas and one efficient maid will furnish more real comfort and substantial happiness at seaside or mountain resort than the twenty double-deckers, ten-bonnet trunks, eight portmanteaus, and six servants, that were absolute necessities in former years. My gentleman understands that a plain journey with common trappings affords him double the pleasure that costly tours, encumbered with army impedimenta, formerly gave him. Ordinary people have discovered the approximate value of a dollar, and propose to get some substantial equivalent before parting with it. The majority of hotel, railroad and recreative amusement managers are beginning to appreciate the imperative necessity of providing something tangible for the charges which they make, or themselves being relegated to that intangible quantity which has so often heretofore figured in the aggregate of the sums their customers have been compelled to pay. Guided by the common sense rule, that "nothing should cost more than the satisfaction to be gotten out of it," almost everybody can have a good time this summer despite dull times and slow business.

Caring for Oneself.

Civilization, with its many luxuries and blessings has, it is to be feared, brought with it many a physical, mental, and moral curse. We have in these days especially, perhaps, to be on our guard and careful of ourselves. Sometimes we find the mother of the family totally unfit to be the mistress of the house, owing to physical weakness and consequent bad temper; the children scared from her presence, and the husband forced to flee for the quiet and comfort he cannot find in his own home, to his club, or to the saloon. Often, again, it is found that in the homes of many an insufficiency of care is taken in the matter of diet; vegetables are but imperfectly cooked (a common but fatal occurrence as regards stomach derangement, and one easily avoided); too frequently children are compelled to eat what may happen to be on the table, when, perhaps, that which may be nutritious and sustaining for one constitution, may, under certain circumstances, be little better than poison to another; alcoholic drinks are indulged in freely and injudiciously whilst eating; and what is the result in too many cases? Indigestion in all its most hateful and dreaded forms ensues, and the being who is thus afflicted is totally incapacitated, mentally bodily and morally. There are guides to cookery, and household recipes for the kitchen, existing, which might be studied with advantage, and the mistress of a house and the mother of a home may, if she will, in the matter of food-providing at least, be spared that amount of blame as the creator of bad health and bad temper in a home which she, unfortunately, merits but too well. Again, did people generally know of the evils consequent upon dust being allowed to collect in a house, on walls and stairs, in corners, on floors and cupboard tops, there would be seen such a hurrying to and fro with brooms and dusters, which, for the time being, would well nigh justify the lord and master of the house in quickly escaping from the domestic scene. The poisons which lie hidden in dust, ready at any moment to be spread by accident broadcast in the house, carrying disease with certainty of effect, might be guarded against by using a little care and forethought. Cleanliness of the house will lead to a love for cleanliness of the garment and the person; and, not neglecting the important questions of diet fresh air, recreation, physical and mental exercise, there is no reason why the truth of the German aphorism—

"Joy, temperance and repose
Slam the door on the doctor's nose"—

should not be exemplified in every home.

THERE is a vain self-consciousness which rushes unabashed into every scene, and feels equal to undertake whatever is presented. This, however, is very different from self-possession which comes from a true estimate of our powers. He who possesses himself in this latter sense will be as careful to abstain from what he is unable to perform as to execute whatever rightly falls to his lot. He will be modest and unassuming as he is energetic and unflinching, for he will know his limitations as well as he does his powers. The best practical way of securing this self-possession, where we feel its lack, is in continual practice. There are certain things which every one should be prepared to do, certain scenes which every one should be prepared to enter, certain crises that every one should be prepared to meet. These none of us must shrink from when they come, but do our best every time, resolutely calling to our aid all the reason and good sense that we can command. Each time we force ourself to this course, the task grows easier, and at length we arrive at that condition of calm assurance with regard to our performance of them which alone gives self-possession.

INTEREST in our work for its own sake is a cultivated quality. We all possess it in some degree, and may increase it if we will. Children may be accustomed at a very early age to take pleasure in the success of their own efforts, quite apart from any personal good they may derive from it. The careful observer of child-nature will notice that this is a natural delight, and is deadened and diminished only by the growth of selfish considerations. If care is taken to make work as congenial as possible, to prevent its being excessive and exhausting, and to sympathize with and encourage the natural joy of success, there is no reason why it should ever decrease. The youth who enters upon a well chosen life-employment with this power of happiness, and also with the power of self-government, has every reason to hope that his work may be successful, and his life valuable and happy.

MOTION is the exercise of the body. Thought is the exercise of the brain. Motion at length exhausts the body. Thought at length exhausts the brain. Cessation of thought relavigorates the brain. The body must have rest. The brain must have sleep. When the body cannot rest, as in convulsive diseases, it dies. When the brain cannot rest, when a man cannot sleep, every hour is a step to the mad-house. Some men work themselves to death. Some men think themselves to death. Too little rest for the body, too little sleep for the brain, are false economies of time, and multitudes, unwittingly, bring on wasting and fatal diseases by practicing these economies. Omnipotence "rested" and commanded man to do the same. Sleep a plenty; rest a plenty. These are the foundations of all great, safe and efficient activities of body or brain.

GOOD and healthy girls are almost always cheerful. No novelist would consider his youthful heroine complete if a "ringing laugh" were omitted from the list of her charms; and in real life the girls who do not laugh now and then are seldom trusted or liked by their companions. Even beauty will not save them. A belle who fails to understand the jests of her admirers, and smiles in amiable bewilderment while other people are laughing, is soon left with no consolation save to wonder what anybody can see in her rival—a girl with "tip-tilted" nose, perhaps, a large mouth, and freckles, but the happy possessor of a pair of merry eyes and a cheerful mind. The gift of gaiety is, indeed, of great value; but it must be gaiety which originates in a kind and cheery heart—not that which is born of mere excitement or gratified vanity.

To lose sight of the end in the eager use of means, to forego results gained for the sake of results imagined, to live in a perpetual climb without admitting that we have climbed at all, to hope without ever recognizing "the substance of things hoped for," is a sort of slow suicide. It sacrifices life itself in the effort to improve it. Life passes away and slips from us while we are preparing to live. We lose realities while dreaming of its possibilities.

The World's Happenings.

The banking capital of the United States to-day is $738,000,000.

Horses can be readily taught to eat sugar. It is a good way to catch them.

A taxidermist in Reading, this State, has a collection of 75,000 butterflies.

Within ten years the Union will probably number 48 instead of 38 States.

The price of diamonds has fallen within a few years from $15 to $3.75 a carat.

The longest legitimate word in the English language is disproportionableness.

Twenty-three millions of acres of land in this country are held by foreigners.

Platinum has recently been drawn into a wire so fine as to be invisible to the naked eye.

Venice, Italy, is about to be lighted with electric lamps, and the gondoliers are protesting.

No less than 3,540 relatives of English titled families are quartered on the public service.

Telegraphing rates to some points are now almost as cheap as postage was half a century ago.

A leather cannon was manufactured at Edinburg in 1778, fired three times, and pronounced good.

An important case was argued in a New York court a few days ago by a ninety-five-year-old lawyer.

A fishing rod has been invented that registers the precise number and weight of the fish caught with it.

The microscope shows the hair to be like a coarse, round rasp, but with the teeth extremely irregular and ragged.

Australia lost $44,000,000 from pleuro-pneumonia, introduced by a single cow that was supposed to have recovered.

A steamboat propelled by a kerosene engine has been licensed to run on the St. John's River and other Florida waters.

What a happy woman must be the ex-Countess of Lonsdale. She has a brand-new husband, and $200,000 a year to spend.

An egg shaped like a dumb bell, with the yolk in one end and the white in the other, is an attraction just now in Lumpkin, Ga.

Eight brass pins, two half inch screws, and a cartridge cap, were found in a chicken's gizzard, recently, by a citizen of Smithville, Ga.

In one New Hampshire school district there is but one pupil, four districts have but two pupils each, and two have only six between them.

The only animals known on the Bermudas are rats and mice brought by ships, and bats blown from the main land. Birds, however, are numerous.

Experiments made at the University of Kansas indicate that the average person can taste the bitter of quinine when one part is dissolved in 132,000 of water.

The aggregate annual cost of the armies of Europe is nearly $750,000,000, and the average number of men withdrawn from industrial service is about 3,000,000.

Diamonds are often stolen in the African diamond mines by swallowing the stones, hiding them about the dress, and throwing them away, to be picked up at night.

The Mongolian language has a convenient verb, "to thus," meaning, "to act in this fashion." "I thus it, you thus it, he thuses it, I thused it," etc., make an attractive conjugation.

A man in Upson county, Ga., twenty-two years ago buried 3,000 silver half-dollars, and did not unearth them again until last week, when they were exhumed and put into circulation.

In the outlying districts of New Orleans, which are lighted by oil street lamps, some of the worthy citizens are in the habit of "borrowing" the lamps at nightfall, and returning them in the morning—empty.

In Nevada it is said that there are luminous trees—that is, their foliage gives out light enough to enable one to read print, while the luminous effect may be seen miles away. The cause is an abundance of luminous parasites.

Statistics show that murder in this country has reached an astonishing degree of frequency, and that the sacredness of human life is held more lightly every year. In 1863 there were 2,250 murders; the number increased to 12,287 in 1884.

The Chinese have a queer way of punishing persons who venture to commit suicide in the precincts of that portion of Pekin occupied by the Imperial Court. The bodies of the offenders are brought to a bridge, or some other public place, and flogged.

Paris has set an example of care for popular education, the municipal council having already established forty-two free public libraries, for lending books as well as reading on the spot, in different parts of the city, and four more are to be established this year.

The Connecticut Senate passed a bill providing a State bounty of ten cents to any person planting, protecting and cultivating elm, maple, tulip, ash, basswood, oak, black walnut, hickory, apple, pear or cherry trees, not more than sixty feet apart, for three years, along any public highway.

Death in a singular way recently overtook a little girl in Raymond, N. H. She was playing under the house sink-spout, into which the mother, unconscious of her presence, poured boiling water, which, running down the little one's neck, scalded it so severely as to cause death two or three hours later.

Atlanta has a colored constable who cannot read. When he is given subpœnas to serve, the Judge draws on their backs pictures representing the persons named within. If a woman is wanted, the outlines of a female are drawn, and they remind the constable of the circumstances. In each case the drawing is made applicable to the charge in the paper.

IN HUMBLE WAYS.

BY WILLIAM MACKINTOSH.

The lofty steeple and the tallest tree,
  By raving storms are oft torn from their height,
While humble cot and sapling may stand free,
  And shun the tempest riding in it's might.

How frequent too, does fell misfortune tear
  Wealth's giddy vane e'en crumbled to its base;
And some from steeps of fame's bright golden stair
  Are swept by all the rage of black disgrace;

While he, content to wait on duty's call,
  More fair than pomps, seeks honor, true and brave
Is proof against fierce envy's bitter squall,
  And slander's gust both here and in the grave.

Heir to a Dukedom.

BY ALLAN MORPETH.

AS Mr. Raeburn opened the door of his wife's favorite sitting-room, intending to beg a cup of tea after his walk, the words "It isn't fair!" reached his ear, and he cautiously retreated, for he was a man whose love of peace often out-weighed his sense of justice.

"What's up now, I wonder?" he muttered to himself. "It's very odd that girls who have everything they want should disagree. But it's their mother's affair, let her settle their disputes; I shan't interfere," and he went downstairs again to solace himself with a cigar in his study.

"It isn't fair!" said Meta Raeburn again, with additional vehemence, and her bright face all aglow with excitement. "Why am I always left out of your plans? I am as young, as light-hearted, as fond of amusement as the rest of you; my rights are equal, and yet I am the Cinderella of the family! No, no, I don't blame you, mamma!" and she ran across the room to kiss the cheek of the stout, mild matron, who, like her spouse, always sought to maintain peace at any price, and was therefore ruled by the more selfish of her daughters. "I know you would treat me justly if you were left to the dictates of your own kind heart; but why do my sisters interfere to prevent it?"

The said demoiselles had listened to this outburst in the silence of astonishment. It was quite true that Meta's complaints were well founded. In so large a family someone must occasionally relinquish a longed-for pleasure.

Mrs. Raeburn could not take four daughters with her wherever she went; but why was it Meta who always went to the wall? Perhaps it was because she was the person who bore disappointments with most equanimity, and neither sulked like Mina, nor stormed and raved after the fashion of Hattie.

But she could not always be so stoical. She had spent the last three weeks shut up in the house in close attendance upon her father, who, when seized with an attack of sciatica, could not be soothed and amused by anyone so well as Meta.

But Mr. Raeburn had recovered, and his little daughter's nerves were quivering and tingling with an intense yearning for change; and she could not reconcile herself to the thought of being left at home while the rest were enjoying a visit, to be prolonged to a week or ten days, at the pleasantest house in the neighborhood.

"If I were mamma," said Sara Raeburn, severely, "I should send you to your room till you knew how to behave to her. You must be the most selfish of girls to wish to deprive either of us of this visit to the Larches!"

"It can be no treat to Meta to go to Mrs. Hislop's," added Mina, in an injured tone, "for she has stayed with her so many times."

"Only when she is alone!" retorted Meta. "Mrs. Hislop is my godmother, and remembers this whenever she is dull and wants someone to wind her wools, take up stitches in her knitting, or write her letters for her; but she has hitherto considered me too young to be included in her invitations to papa and mamma when she fills her house with her son's friends."

"She thinks so still," said Sara, decidedly.

"She does not. The last time I saw her, she gave me a set of silver ornaments to wear at my first dinner-party; and is not her card addressed to the Misses Raeburn as well as to mamma? I am sure she intended to have me on this occasion, and does not dream of seeing either Mina or Hattie."

"But, my dear Meta," remonstrated Mrs. Raeburn, "someone must stay at home with papa. You know he cannot accompany us, because he expects someone who is in treaty with him for that farm in Dorsetshire he talks of selling. It is hard upon you, I know," the mother added, remorsefully, "but we could not leave papa quite alone, could we, darling?"

"Then let Mina stay, or Hattie; she is younger than I, and I have set my heart upon going with you ever since Mrs. Hislop said she would have a carpet-dance one evening for the young people. I have never spent three months in London like Sara; nor gone to half a dozen balls every winter like Mina; nor ridden to the hunt with papa as Hattie does. Somehow I have always been left out of your pleasures. Why is it?"

Mrs. Raeburn, who was very fond of all her children, patted the flushed cheek of the speaker as she made answer:

"Because you have been invariably so good-naturedly ready to give up your place to Mina or Hattie. I have never meant any injustice to you, my dear; and if I had known how much you wished to go to Mrs. Hislop's——"

She stopped short, and cast an appealing glance at Sara, who, however, refused to see it. Why should these arrangements be upset by Meta's whim? She had always submitted to be set aside for her sisters—why should she refuse to do so now?

"You should have mentioned your wishes sooner," said Miss Raeburn, tartly. "You have no suitable dresses, and the dressmaker will have quite enough to do to finish mine and Mina's."

But Meta met this difficulty triumphantly.

"I have the blue silk papa gave me on my birthday; and there is the pretty muslin, with cardinal trimmings, I was to have at the archery ball; only mamma had promised old Mrs. Lane a seat in the carriage, and so there was not room for me. It is quite fresh and stylish, and will do capitally for the dance."

"Settle it, then, amongst yourselves," said Sara, rising to leave the room. "You know I hate going out with you, Meta, because we are always asked to play and sing together, and your voice drowns mine. Just as much as your clap-trap style of playing puts mine in the shade. If mamma can endure with a girl, who talks and laughs with gentlemen much too freely I shall not complain."

"Thanks; how very kind and sisterly you are!" said Meta, resolutely keeping back the tears that this unkind speech brought into her eyes.

"It is my duty to remind you of your faults!" Sara turned back at the door to say. "Of course, mamma, you quite understand that Mrs. Hislop cannot accommodate more than four of us—you and I, and two of the younger girls. If Meta insists on going, Mina or Hattie must be left behind."

"It won't be me!" said boydenish Hattie, doggedly. "Tom Hislop will be at home from college, and I've promised myself no end of larks with him. Do you hear, mamma? If I find Madam Sara inciting you to break your word with me I'll play up Meg's diversions with her new hats and bonnets, and you shall find me at Mrs. Hislop's before her. Then let her make a fuss if she dares!"

"My dear Hattie, how dreadful you talk!" cried poor Mrs. Raeburn. "How unkind it is to worry me. I wish I had insisted on keeping you in the schoolroom another year."

"I can behave myself when I choose," retorted the young lady, tossing back her curly fringe and making a grimace at Meta, whose disapproving look made her feel more ashamed than Mrs. Raeburn's reproaches. "Let Sara be generous for once, and stop with papa. I only vex him with my restless and noisy words."

"I should be most happy to yield my place to dear Meta," said Mina, suavely; "but then Mrs. Hislop has made a point of having me. No, it's not 'bosh,' Hattie, you rude creature! I met her yesterday when I was shopping at the town for mamma, and she tapped my shoulder and told me I must be prepared for conquest, as one of her son's friends, Captain Dasent, is heir to a dukedom. But Meta must have known this, or she would not have been so eager to push me aside."

With a look of wounded feeling her sister turned to the speaker, asking, indignantly:

"How should I have known this?"

Mina's smile was an unpleasant one.

"Don't pretend to be better than the rest of us, Meta. Every girl wishes to marry well, and they say the Duke of Harlesden is so infirm that Captain Dasent will not be kept out of his dukedom much longer. Tom Hislop and he—the captain I mean—were at college together, and his photograph is in Mrs. Hislop's album."

"Ah, yes; a little sandy man, with a decided squint. I remember his face now."

"Photographs never do one justice," observed Mina, "and the Harlesden diamonds are said to be the finest in England. But of course you know this too. Oh, Meta, I never thought you could be so envious, so spiteful, as to try to prevent my being introduced to Captain Dasent!"

"Now don't cry, Mina, darling!"

"Pray don't be quarrelsome, Meta!" adjured Mrs. Raeburn. "Why don't you offer to stay at home, Hattie, and thus end this unsisterly wrangle!"

"There was no disputing till Meta made a fuss," sobbed Mina, behind her handkerchief. "It's all her doing!"

"I have done!" exclaimed the culprit, dry-eyed and panting with indignation. "I would not go with you to Mrs. Hislop's if you were to ask me. How dared you think that I wanted to share your pleasures, that I might try and rival you? or that I should be so indelicate as to visit my godmother for the purpose of captivating a rich lover?"

"But you'll lend me your pearl necklace, Meta?" whimpered her sister.

The slamming of the door was the only answer vouchsafed to the query, and the angry Meta was not visible again till dinner was over, and Mr. Raeburn came into the drawing-room with the coffee. In spite of a misty rain and gathering darkness the young girl had donned her ulster and a felt hat, and taken a vigorous constitutional, coming back wet and muddy, but with the resentful gleam banished from her soft gray eyes and the smile restored to her rosy lips.

Meta had not always lived at home with the rest; a couple of years of her young life had been spent with an invalid aunt in the South of France. From Ethelind Raeburn she had learned to be patient and self-sacrificing; and she came back to England to be the companion of her father, to relieve her mother of the duties of housekeeping, and to atone to both in some measure for the intense selfishness of their other daughters.

Still Meta was not perfect. She loved pretty dresses and gay society, and thought it hard that she should be so frequently ousted from her place for no better reason than because Mina, as an acknowledged beauty, expected to be taken everywhere; and Mrs. Raeburn's dread of a fuss made her give way to the demands of the imperious Hattie; and when the day arrived for the visit to the Larches—Mrs. Hislop's beautiful place—Meta had much to do to preserve her self-control.

If one or other of them had but said, "We are sorry to leave you behind!" she thought she could have been quite content; but neither of her sisters had sufficient generosity for this. They had borrowed her ribbons, her lace, and her ornaments; they had made incessant demands on her services. It was she who had folded Sara's and Mina's dresses so that they should not be crushed, and sewed on missing hooks and strings for her mother and Hattie, and sought for all the lost articles that were inquired for at the last moment; and yet it was only Mrs. Raeburn who had remembered to kiss her, and tell her to take care of herself as well as dear papa.

"I feel more like Cinderella than ever!" she said to herself, as she stood at the window, watching the carriage roll away. "But I don't mean to follow her example in sitting in the cinders and crying." And Meta brushed away the drops that had gathered on her eyelashes. "It's no use fretting for what one can't have, so I'll make myself as happy as I can, under the circumstances; and, firstly, I'll have a good fire lighted to make the room cheerful for papa when he comes home; then, as I am too tired to do anything else, I'll sit on the hearthrug, and decide how to spend the coming week pleasantly."

Very simple were Meta's plans and very unselfish. She would have a box from Mudie's of the books she loved best, but they should include two or three lively ones to read aloud to Mr. Raeburn after dinner; she would drive out daily in the pretty pony-phaeton to which Sara and Mina laid claim, but she would make the invalid niece of the curate the companion of her drives. She would coax the housekeeper to assist her in giving a tea-party, the guests to be the little girls of her class at the Sunday school, and she was picturing their shy delight when she led them through the hothouses, and gave them leave to romp on the lawn, when the sound of approaching footsteps made her turn to greet her father with a smile.

But when the door opened she sprang from her lowly seat pale with affright. It was Mr. Raeburn who appeared, but he was leaning on another gentleman; his face was so frightfully cut and swollen that Meta felt very much disposed to faint; and though she struggled against the feeling till she overcame it, she could do no more.

* * * * * *

It was a voice, soft, yet commanding, that roused her from her stupor of terror. The gentleman who had led Mr. Raeburn into the room placed him in a chair, rung for a sponge and warm water, and was now addressing himself to Meta:

"If you are frightened, Miss Raeburn, let me advise you to go away. I will attend your father's hurts, which are not very serious, I assure you."

"Yes, go away, Meta, there's a dear child!" said Mr. Raeburn himself. "I shall be all right presently."

But the ring of pain in her father's accents revived Meta's courage; and though she could not repress a shudder at his condition, she hurried to his side.

"No, papa, I'll not go away if I can be of any use. Tell me what to do that will relieve you, and whether I shall send for mamma!"

"On no account!" was the reply. "There's no occasion for alarming her. A little brandy and some sticking-plaster will heal my wounds."

An assurance which Mr. Raeburn's friend so kindly seconded, that Meta soon became sufficiently composed to assist the strange gentleman very deftly in his surgery, and to laugh a saucy laugh of amusement at the appearance her father presented when it was finished.

"Patches may become a Court belle, but they don't improve you, papa, especially on the bridge of your nose. "How did you meet with those ugly cuts and bruises?"

"It was all through that jade of a mare!" replied Mr. Raeburn, testily. "I drove to the station to meet my friend here, and we were jogging home comfortably enough, when the brute chose to shy at a white post that she has passed without a scare times out of number. The consequence was that poor old Evans and I were thrown out of the trap on to a heap of gravel, and it's a mercy that our necks were not broken! Are you sure, Evans, you escaped without any injury?"

"I thought I had at the time," was the reply, "but I find my right ankle is beginning to swell and will be very painful."

"Perhaps it is strained," said Meta, quickly. "I will fetch Mansy, our housekeeper; she is skilful at curing sprains with some old-fashioned lotion."

Mansy was soon in attendance with her remedy, which greatly relieved the pain Mr. Evans was enduring; and in the course of another half hour Meta had established her two patients, as she called them, on old-fashioned settees drawn up on either side the cheery wood-fire, and was flitting from one to the other, pressing upon them the dainty little dinner served under her supervision.

"Really, you both look very comfortable!" she cried, gaily, when she had placed a reading-lamp and the last periodicals on a table at Mr. Evans' elbow, and supplied her father with the cigar he would not have been allowed to smoke had Sara and Mina been present. "How fortunate it is that I have nothing to do but nurse you!"

"Are we expected to rejoice that we are in a condition to require nursing?" asked Mr. Evans, looking amused.

He was very pale, and by the way his brows contracted every time he moved, it was evident he had been more seriously shaken by his fall than he avowed.

"Oh, no, that would be too great a demand on your heroism," Meta responded. "I was speaking selfishly. Without you to attend to, I am afraid that, as mamma and my sisters will be absent for several days, the time would have hung on my hands heavily; for you see I cannot make calls nor receive visitors by myself, nor take long walks very often; and papa has a way of mounting his old cob and trotting off directly after breakfast, to be seen no more till the dinner-bell rings."

"And you would have been left entirely to your own resources!" said Mr. Evans, so sympathetically, that Meta gave him a grateful glance.

"Yes, poor child," muttered her father, "we all seem to have forgotten how dull it must be for my little home-bird when the rest are flaunting their feathers abroad. You must invite somebody—one of your girl-friends—Meta, to come and bear you company."

"I could not spare time to be civil to her," Meta declared. "With two invalids on my hands, I shall be fully occupied. I shall have to read to you, papa, and write all your letters, for by the way your face is swelling, it is certain that you'll not be able to see to do it for yourself; and I must run all Mr. Evans' errands for him as long as he is a prisoner to the sofa, and play the good nurse to both of you to the best of my ability."

"Chut!" growled Mr. Raeburn, "what do you know of nursing?"

"Ungrateful father! who was your chief attendant for three long weeks?" retorted Meta, saucily. "If you scorn me for my youthful appearance, I'll take to a linsey gown, cap, and spectacles; and if you teach Mr. Evans to rebel against my authority, I'll put you both on a diet of water gruel."

"Seriously, Miss Meta," said Mr. Evans, "I ought to rid you of my troublesome presence. I am sure I could be moved to the village inn."

"Do you think, then, that we would let you—papa's friend—leave us just as you are in need of our care?" demanded Meta, warmly. "Please, papa, scold Mr. Evans for suggesting it, and try if you cannot bring him into a better frame of mind, while I go and see whether Mansy is getting a room ready for him."

So Mr. Evans said no more about removing to the inn, but laughingly told Meta on the morrow, as with her aid and a stick, he limped down to breakfast, that he had resolved to resign himself to her charge, and to submit unmurmuringly to all the experiments which, as an amateur nurse, she would of course attempt to practice upon him.

"I'm glad one of my patients promises to be submissive," replied Meta, with a merry glance at her father, whose aches and pains made him unusually peevish, "for my responsibilities begin to weigh upon me already. I shall be so much engaged with papa that I'm afraid I may have to neglect you, Mr. Evans."

"I can find plenty of occupation in your father's library, Miss Meta."

"Ah, then, you are fond of reading!" and she began to regard him with more interest than she had hitherto evinced in the quiet, plain-faced, middle-aged man. "Would you mind telling me some of your favorite authors?"

Meta sighed profoundly when he mentioned names of which she had scarcely heard, but she brightened when he also spoke in terms of praise of books which had long been her favorite volumes.

A call from her father put an end to a conversation teeming with interest to an intelligent girl whose aspirations had never been fostered by those about her; but Meta contrived to find excuses for peeping into the library two or three times in the course of the morning; and though she was careful not to disturb the student, she did not attempt to conceal her delight when he laid down his book, and inviting her to a seat beside him, discussed it with her with all the zest and acumen of a true scholar.

That half hour spent in the library was the first of many similar discussions, and in the course of the ensuing days, Mr. Evans and Meta learned to know each other as thoroughly as only persons can who are thus thrown together. He forgot her extreme youth when she sat beside him eagerly drinking in his teachings, and she forgot that she had thought him elderly and plain when she saw his finely-cut features lit up with enthusiasm, and listened to his eloquence.

Mrs. Raeburn and her daughters prolonged their visit at the request of their hostess; Hattie, in one of her most careless scrawls, apprising Meta that it was on Sara's account they were staying.

"The heir to a dukedom is on the verge of a proposal," wrote Hattie, "and mamma is delighted; and Mina is furious, because Captain Dasent was very much attracted by her beauty when first he saw her. It's my belief that he veered round to Sara as soon as he learned that she has a nice little bit of money independent of what papa will give her; but Tom Hislop—who is just as merry and boyish as ever—says that's 'bosh,' because what can a duke want with a wealthy bride? We shall come home next Monday, and then you will see the bridegroom-elect—not that he's much to look at, and his squint is awful when he is excited."

Meta forgot those important tidings when

she heard that Mr. Evans would leave them on the morrow.

"Ah!" she said, with a sigh, "you are anxious to return to your friends."

"My dear Miss Meta," he quickly replied, "I have very few besides your excellent father. An accident at school kept me a prisoner to a reclining-couch during my youth. It is only lately that, thanks to a clever German doctor, I have regained health and strength enough to mix with my fellow-men."

"Then why are you in such haste to leave us? Why not stay till mamma returns?"

"Because——" and then he stopped abruptly; but there was a significance in his look that embarrassed Meta, and made her heart beat as it had never beat before.

"Why do you call Mr. Evans old and plain?" she said to her father the first time she was alone with him.

Mr. Raeburn raised his eyebrows.

"My dear, I can't remember ever saying that he was either the one or the other. Ah, yes, I believe I have a way of calling him 'Poor old Evan!' I fell into it at school, when he came there a delicate, quaint little chap, much too young to rough it amongst a bevy of tall strong fellows like myself. I used to interfere in his behalf when he was unkindly treated, and that's how our friendship began. In reality, he is ten years my junior, and I don't call myself an old man yet."

After all, Mr. Evans did not stay to be introduced to Mrs. Raeburn, for business called him away; but ere he quitted his friend's house he sought Meta.

"Dare I ask you to think of me kindly? You have made these last two weeks such happy ones, that I dread the lonely life to which I must now look forward!"

"And I—shall not be lonely?" she faltered. "Shall you never come back to us?"

"I dare not, unless you give me the sweet hope that, in spite of the disparity of our years, I may win your affections! Meta, dearest Meta, if you knew how precious your love would be to me, I don't think you would withhold it!"

How could she, when it was already his?

Their parting was not a sorrowful one after all, for it was softened by his promise to return in the course of a few weeks at furthest.

"What have you been doing to yourself, child?" queried Mrs. Raeburn, when Meta ran into her arms. "I declare, you are growing as good-looking as Mina! It must be your sweet temper that makes you so pretty!"

But Meta's sisters were too much absorbed in their own affairs to notice her happy face. She was expected to listen to all Hattie's tales of her harum-scarum expeditions with Tom Hislop, to all the compliments Mina had received on her beauty, and to Sara's satisfaction in her new prospects. The heir to a dukedom had declared himself, and was to call on Mr. Raeburn on the morrow, and arrange with him the preliminaries of the marriage.

But with Captain Dasent came Mrs. Hislop to carry off her goddaughter.

"It is your turn now, Meta, my love, and I want you so particularly, that I shall not be put off with excuses, so fetch your hat, and bribe Mansy, with a kiss, to pack your trunks and send them after you."

Meta was nothing loath, for the frivolous chatter of her sisters sounded extremely distasteful after the scholarly and refined conversation of Mr. Evans; and she went away undaunted by the pitying remark of Hattie that she would be bored to death now the boys were off to college, and she would be shut up day after day with a prosy old woman.

But Hattie was mistaken. Mr. Raeburn, calling one day to see how his pet was getting on, found Mrs. Hislop's house full of guests; and little Meta so courted, and flattered, and feted, that she told her father gaily she thought everyone was conspiring to spoil her, and she should require a sharp course of home-snubbing to sober her again.

"A ball last night at which you danced every dance; a picnic the day before; a tennis-party to-morrow; and Mrs. Hislop showering down gifts upon you like a fairy godmother! Why, Meta, such gaiety will banish all thoughts of poor old Evans from your young heart!"

"Never!" she answered, clasping her hands round her father's arm. "Don't wrong me by hinting at such a thing. It is very pleasant to be treated with such kindness; but if I had reason to think that it would unfit me for the happiness of being his helpmeet, his companion, I would go home with you, papa, at once."

"Pooh, pooh, my dear, I was only jesting; and yet I have heard a little bird whisper that a certain young Baronet is paying my Meta a great deal of attention."

"Only because I remind him of Mina. I hope she does not appreciate his admiration, for he is very silly; but then there are few men as wise and good as Mr. Evans—are there, papa?"

Mr. Raeburn laughed as he kissed her and bade her stay where she was, and enjoy herself as long as Mrs. Hislop liked to keep her; but Meta brooded over his remarks for the rest of the day, and when she came in from the conservatory to dress for dinner she had resolved that on the morrow she would go home.

If Mr. Evans should hear what a butterfly she had become what would he think of her? and if he were ill and solitary——

But here Meta came to a full stop; for crossing the hall to meet her she beheld the objects of her thoughts.

"How glad!—how very glad I am" she murmured, as, seeing, that they were quite alone, he folded her in a tender embrace. "How good of Mrs. Hislop to invite you!—but does she know our secret? Yes? Then she approves! Delightful! But it was fortunate that you came to-day, for to-morrow you would not have found me."

Half a dozen kisses were stolen from her lips when she confessed why she had intended to take flight; and then the blushing Meta protested that she must follow the example of the other ladies and dress, or she should be late for dinner.

"One moment, love! Why have you always called me Mr. Evan?"

"Is it not your right name? Papa always spoke of you by it."

"Yes, it is is my Christian name: but I am the Duke of Harlesden. Don't start and look so very much astonished. I should have set you right long since if there had been any necessity for it; but your father thought you would be more at your ease with me while you knew me only as his friend and schoolfellow."

"But Sara—what will Sara say?" burst from the perplexed Meta.

"My dearest, if she has accepted Maurice Dasent solely because she believed him to be the heir to a dukedom, neither you nor I need regret her disappointment. If not, I will take care to settle upon my sister's son a sufficient income to enable him to support his wife properly."

"But—but Evan, you ought to marry a person of higher rank than your little Meta," she murmured. "What will the world say to such a misalliance?"

"You did not ask yourself that question when you consented to accept the hand of the plain, middle-aged man whom you believed to be as poor as he was shabby. I found a treasure, Meta, when I won you. Do you think I would let the cold, heartless world rob me of my darling? No, no; you are mine, and I thank Heaven daily for the blessing of your love."

The silliness of the young Baronet did not prevent Mina from accepting him; and after a struggle with her vexation, Sara consented to wed Captain Dasent. Both have left off snubbing Meta, and talk in the most affectionate terms of the once tyrannized-over drudge of the family as "my sister the Duchess;" and Hattie has eschewed the society of Tom Hislop, and is striving to appear as ladylike and refined as her Grace of Harlesden; but it is doubtful whether either of them have quite forgiven her for wearing a ducal coronet and expanding into one of the happiest and most charming peeresses at the Court of Queen Victoria.

The Rogue Elephant.

BY JAMES E. MEARS.

I HAD been settled more than a year upon my coffee estate in the wild jungles of Ceylon, when one morning, during the idle season, as I stood before my bungalow, gaping, stretching, and wondering how I might best amuse myself for the day, a coolie servant came up to me, heated and panting, and placed in my hand the following note:—

"DEAR SIR,—

"Will you come over at once to my plantation, and join in the chase or hunt of a 'rogue' elephant, which is abroad somewhere in this vicinity, and committing sad depredations, to the great terror of the natives, who fear him more than they do the Evil One? It is the duty of every man, who can bring a good nerve and a rifle, to turn out in defence of his surroundings, to say nothing of the sport. Hoping to receive a favorable answer through the bearer, Moonshee, in case you do not bring it yourself, I am, dear sir,

"Yours most truly,
CHARLES HOLLINGSWORTH.

"Mango Hill Retreat."

Nothing at the moment could have given me more pleasure than this invitation to set off in quest of a "rogue" elephant—for the sport would certainly have that spice of danger so necessary to quicken blood that had become too sluggish under the enervating influence of the sweltering tropics.

"Tell your master I am coming, Moonshee," said I, as I turned away to get my fire and ammunition (including zinc balls—for lead is too soft for an elephant's head), and order my horse under saddle in the quickest possible time.

Half an hour saw me on the way to Mango Hill Retreat, distant ten miles, with three coolies running alongside and keeping pace with my impatient gallop; and as I dash along, let me tell you what the term of "rogue elephant" means, in case you never heard it before.

In the forest and jungles of Ceylon, when I lived there, there were hundreds of wild elephants; which generally moved about in small herds, and were not usually dangerous to man, though quite destructive to property—so much so, that Government had set a price upon the head of each.

In herds, as I have said, these huge animals were but little feared even by the natives; but it occasionally so happened, from what cause I have never been able to learn, that an old tusker would become detached from his companions, and like a maddened human Malay, seem to devote the remainder of his life to attacking and killing every living thing he could reach, whether man or beast; and all from pure malice—from an infernal fury that nothing but his own death could appease.

With one of these furious monsters abroad, no one was safe.

Fences were no barriers to his progress; a coolie hut might be crushed like the shell of an egg; a bungalow be brought crashing about the ears of the master; and even a whole village has been half destroyed and the inhabitants put to flight by a single beast.

In the language of the country, this dangerous animal was termed a "rogue" elephant—though "mad" elephant would have been by far a more appropriate appellation.

When one of these was abroad, it was the duty of every man, as the note to me expressed, to turn out and hunt him to the death: and I was now hastening forward to perform the part of a good citizen.

When about half-way between my house and Hollingsworth's, in a wild, romantic part of the country, just where the road or path I was pursuing led down into a dark valley across a bright stream into a strip of level jungle, the coolies running by my side suddenly stopped and yelped out in terror; pointing to some huge fresh footprints, that the rogue elephant had just passed.

"How do you know these impressions were not made yesterday?" I inquired, stopping to examine them.

"See, master!" returned a bright-eyed fellow, called Lunekee, pointing to the bushes against which the huge body of the animal had passed—"him brush off dew!"

"Ah! very true—you are right. Well, then, he may be near, and perhaps we may meet and conquer him alone, which would be a triumph, indeed!"

"Him plenty much savage—fight much!" rejoined Lunekee, looking timorously around at his timid companions, and evidently willing to forego all glory which could only be gained at so much personal risk.

"But I have my rifle," said I—"two barrels—zinc balls—and am a pretty sure shot, and if I can find him, I am determined to try my hand!"

Just at this moment, as if in answer to my challenge, there came a loud, bellowing, trumpeting roar from the deep jungle before me, followed by the rustling, snapping, and crashing sounds of some tremendous body, making a quick way through a dense thicket.

"Him a coming!—him a coming!" cried the frightened coolies; and they suddenly vanished like the witches of Macbeth, but rather into a thick forest than "thin air," leaving me to run or stay, as inclination might prompt.

I must confess that inclination pleaded earnestly for an inglorious retreat, and my gallant steed was evidently of the same mind, for he wheeled, reared, plunged, and would have gone off like a shot if I had not sawed him down to a fine dance. How could I shoot from the back of such a beast?

Whiz! flash! rush! what is that? A spotted deer passed me like a bolt of lightning, scared by that terrific trumpeting and crashing, which makes even the boldest beast of the jungle tremble.

Shall I stand and await his onset? for he is evidently coming this way, and will soon be here. No; my horse is too restive—the ground too uncertain: better get my first view of the monster from the top of yonder hill.

Away I go, horse and rider of one mind this time; in a minute I have wheeled upon an elevation that overlooks the spot where I first heard the answering challenge of everybody's foe. There he comes—tusks first, and huge ones, too, showing he is an old bull—trunk up, trumpeting out defiance—eyes fiery red and awfully wicked, and tail lashing his sides in fury. Thank Heaven, there is some distance between us, and yet I have the chance of fight or flight!

"Better run much, else climb tree a good deal, master!" says a voice over my head; and looking up in surprise, I see Lunekee snugly posted in the upper branches of a tall tree, and another glance shows his companions similarly situated to the right and left of him.

If I fight the elephant, I must depend on myself and horse, and count nothing on my timid servants, or any human aid. Am I prepared for the risk?

I look down at the mad beast, and he looks up at me; and then, without half the consideration that I have taken in the matter, forward he comes, crushing the bushes, snapping the smaller trees like pipe-stems, bent on my destruction.

It is a little too much of the dare—of the bravado—to suit my easily excited and not over-suitable temperment; and so, slipping down from my snorting horse, and passing the bridle over my left arm, I call out in defiance, "Come on, you savage monster, and get what you don't seek! Be it life or death, I will have one shot at you now; then see who is lord of the forest—man, with his puny strength and giant intellect, or brute, with his tremendous physical power and blind instinct!"

I aim at his forehead, but wait for him to come near, with my frightened horse pulling at the bridle, and making my sight unsteady. On he comes, with his mad rush and thundering crash—a sight to make any nervous man's heart flutter like a caged bird, and when within twenty paces of me, bang! go both barrels.

He is hit in the head, but not killed; and madder than ever with the sting of pain, he flourishes his trunk, trumpets forth his wild fury, and increases his speed, to reach and crush me like a troublesome moth. There is nothing for it now but flight—swift flight; a few seconds more, and he will be upon me, and I shall be among the things that were.

Fairly swinging myself upon my horse, with an agility worthy of a Comanche Indian, I give my noble brute the spur and the rein, and away we go over the hill at break-neck speed—rocks, bushes and trees not once considered in our race for life.

Seeing my danger, the coolies, posted beyond the reach of the elephant, now shout and scream to attract his attention and draw him off from the pursuit. He hears the noise, glances upward with his fiery eyes, and turns to seek the nearest foe.

The tree of Lunekee receives his mad favor; and rushing at that, he butts it an awful blow with his huge tusks—a blow that jars and shakes it like a small earthquake, makes every limb and leaf quiver, and almost unseats the poor fellow, who clings to it with all his strength and hopes of life.

Then he sizes it with his trunk, bellows forth his rage, exerts all his mighty force and bends and shakes it as I might bend a birch; and then retreating to gather headway, he butts it again, ripping off the bark and goring it with his tusks, but failing to bring down his human prey.

By this time he seems to have forgotten me altogether; but I have not forgotten him.

Checking my horse at a safe distance, I proceed to reload my two barrels with zinc balls in the greatest possible haste; and before he is satisfied to turn and seek another victim, I spur my horse up to a dangerous vicinity, get him quiet for a moment, just in the nick of time, and blaze away again directly at the monster's head.

This time—thank Heaven!—my aim has been true; and both balls go through his skull, and sink into his brain. He stops, staggers, reels—gets a dim view of me—tries to make another charge—steps out feebly—totters, and falls with a loud crash, sending forth the wildest bellows of rage and pain, and then lies so helplessly on his huge side, that even a child need no longer fear him.

A few half-smothered groans, some convulsive jerks, a quivering throughout the great mass, and all is over; the body and limbs grow still, and the furious, formidable dreaded rogue elephant is dead.

No general after a great victory ever felt his triumph more triumphantly than I did as I quietly walked up, seated myself on the dead monster of the wilderness, and received, like a king upon his throne, the congratulations and praises of my joyful servants, who now gathered around me, shouting and dancing.

Leaving the beast in their charge, I remounted my horse and finished my ride to Mango Hill Retreat, where I found Hollingsworth and some half a dozen others only waiting for my arrival to begin the perilous hunt to which I had been invited.

When I told them my adventure, they could hardly credit my story, and rode back with me to be confirmed of its truth. The result made a great man of me in all my region; and probably no one act of my life ever afforded me so much satisfaction, taken in all its bearings, as my encounter with, and destruction of, that savage rogue elephant.

The Rival Queens.

BY HENRY FRITH.

IN the dim, dark past, which seems so far away, so enveloped in the clouds that it is almost sacrilege to lift the veil that hides it from inquisitive eyes—in that long-ago time, I had many and dear friends. I am an old woman now; my once raven hair is white; my form, once so erect, is bent and drooping. The years weigh heavily upon me. The friends of my youth have passed from earth, and left me lonely, withered, blighted in the winter of my life. It is of one of these friends I would speak—once a friend, but in the end, alas! a bitter, bitter enemy to the trusting girl whose confidence he wronged.

I was an orphan, with no dependence but my own exertions for a livelihood, when I first met the man who was henceforth to be my destiny. His dark, rich beauty; the tropical splendor of those deep dark eyes; the wealth of midnight hair, and the mellow cadences of a voice whose music I have never heard equalled, won my heart at once. Then, when he told me that I was unappreciated—painted glowing pictures of the future which my talents might achieve, I was fascinated. Breathlessly I listened while he told me of the fame which I might win in the profession of which he was a distinguished member.

At last, completely won, I put my fate in his hands, and thus I became an *actress!*

I rose rapidly in my profession; my powers of impersonation astonished even myself; but still in the overflowing cup of my success there was a slight disappointment. I say slight, for I was so wrapped up in the joy of loving and being beloved that I scarcely noticed that the humble but valued friends of the poor orphan were gradually drawing away from the successful actress.

At this time there was added to our company another member, a fair-faced, low-voiced girl, beautiful as a siren. Too soon I saw that she was destined to rival me in the love for which I would have bartered my hopes of happiness. Then I urged him to make me his wife; but no, he was always ready with some excuse, while slowly the demon of jealousy was awakening in my heart, until, at length, it was ready for the fatal spring. As yet I had no proof, but the time soon came when I could no longer doubt that he was lost to me forever.

The "Rival Queens" was announced for representation. Oh, how my heart rebelled at the thought that she should play *Statira* to his *Alexander*; but I was the slave of circumstances, and was forced to submit. Dressing myself in my richest attire, I determined that my dark, glowing Italian beauty should overshadow her milder

loveliness, and so win him back to his allegiance.

Vain thought! Although I surpassed myself, though my wild, reckless, yet perfect impersonation brought down thunders of applause, in which my rival seemed forgotten, it but maddened me as I marked the difference in his demeanor, and became convinced beyond doubt that she had won him. Oh, how I hated her! Maddened by my despair, forgetting the place, play, everything, I rushed upon the stage, and with fearful curses on the fair face which had robbed me of all I held dear, I plunged my dagger to the very hilt in her breast. He flew to her, and, kneeling by her prostrate form, vented his grief in alternate wailings of sorrow and frantic curses on the guilty woman who now stood, conscience-stricken, gazing upon her work.

The audience was for a moment spell-bound. Then round after round of applause echoing though the building recalled me to a sense of my situation. Before any but he knew my crime, I had fled. Springing into my carriage, I was driven on board a vessel just weighing anchor; and, while officers were making fruitless search for me, the waves of the blue Atlantic were rolling between me and the scene of my crimes. Under an assumed name I resumed my profession in America: and for years I nightly listened to the plaudits of admiring crowds.

At last he came, saw my beauty, enhanced rather than dimmed by the passing years, and again he offered me his love—that love which had tempted me to commit a crime the memory whereof haunts me yet, and will haunt me for ever. At first I spurned his offer; but at length, moved by the fascination of his almost superhuman beauty, I consented to become his wife. In his presence I was happy, but in his absence the memory of my guilt was ever present, and hatred of him who had, by deceiving me, been the cause of my crime, became my ruling passion.

I fled from him; he followed me. In his presence I was helpless.

At last I determined to free myself. I sent him poisoned wine. He must have suspected my intention, for, while I was waiting in a strange, unnatural calm for news of his death, he stood before me. Standing thus before me, he drank the wine—the poisoned wine that I had sent him, and before I could even summon assistance, sank at my feet, a corpse.

For a moment I gazed spell-bound upon the ruin I had caused—then lapsed into insensibility. When, after long months, I regained consciousness, I was completely changed. My beauty, of which I had been so proud, was gone. I was old, decrepid, wrinkled, as you see me now. But I cared not; I would find a home among strangers, and gather over the memories of the past, and in utter desolation wait for death.

Such has been my life.

None suspect that the feeble old woman, who totters slowly by, her bleur eyes bent upon the ground, is she upon whom they once lavished applause, when she bore the proud name of Queen of Tragedy.

Destiny.

BY PERCY VERE.

MY talk with you to-night shall be of one I know and love full well. I have seen her within the last hour, sitting dreamily at her window, so lost in thought that she did not see me as I rode by on my usual evening ride.

You must know I am in the country now, the splendid country, and shall not return to the hot, dusty city for six delicious weeks.

But this is not my story.

It was a leaf or two from a heart and life I was going to unfold—a life in which my own was strangely intermingled—a life whose every phase I knew; for though she kept the inner leaves of her heart folded over its deepest feeling, I, even I, had once or twice passed beyond the penetralia further than which no other human soul had ever gained an entrance, neither would they in years to come.

It was a balmy evening in June, the hours creeping on towards sunset. Here and there, on the hill-tops, the sunlight still came filtering through the trees, flecking the velvet swards with patches of trembling gold. In the valleys, the long, cool shadows crept upward, heralding the dying of the day.

Forth from their leafy chambers came a troop of insects, and set up their usual evening concert.

Some timid little birds trilled in a few trembling notes, lulling into yet deeper thought the pale-browed woman that sat so still and sad by the window.

She, too, was gazing upon the same brilliant clouds, drifting their purple, and crimson, and gold into a most rare mosaic.

The hush of a summer evening was around her, and folded flowers and sleeping birds. Yet, methinks, the summer beauty was lost upon the dreamer, for her eyes were cast upwards, as though in anguish or prayer.

Two white hands were clasped together. Surely there was a prayer folded in the small hands, else why were they clasped so nervously, one within the other, while her eyes were gazing up to heaven?

Drawn closely to the window, as though for more light, was a table, thickly strewn with manuscripts, which betokened her calling, though the pen lay idly beside her, showing that for this time, at least, her heart was powerless to satisfy her mind. The motionless figure was almost statuesque in its deep repose, making one sad to look upon her; the twilight fell soft and cool, till its gray shadows draped earth and sky, and still the dreamer sat there; the night closed around her—the grateful soothing night that falls upon all the weary world—that folds its eyes over the tired eyes and around the weary-hearted. The moon rose full and clear, rendering the white face still more white. The beautiful calm moon, that lights up so many nights in our own and other lands—that brightens into richer beauty the flowers sleeping under tropic skies, and guides the lover to the feet of his chosen one. Over many a love-scene the moonlight fell; over brave men and beautiful women; over purple seas, and voyagers sailing upon those seas; over precious argosies and ships of war; and over this beautiful woman, sitting so sad and silent in the little brown cottage on the heath. The beautiful form is there, but the spirit is far away. Let us shadow forth a few of the thoughts and memories that flit before her mental vision, a fragment here and there, that will tell somewhat of her heart history.

Her thoughts had flown back years. Before her mind's eye stood a fair child of twelve summers, her white apron filled with flowers, which she crushed recklessly against her breast as she extended one small hand to catch a flower still more beautiful than the rest. The white hand rested on the coveted flower, but in drawing herself back, a stone underneath her foot rolled, and she was precipitated into the dark and sluggish pool beneath. The girl struggled in the water to regain her footing, when a young man of some eighteen years came whistling down the bank, and seeing her condition, sprang in and led her to the shore.

"Ah, Claire, you are reckless, little one; but I believe there is no greater damage done than some drenched flowers, curls, &c."

"Dear Edward, it seems as if you were always near to save. You remember when I fell off the Deacon's swing, and old Barney threw me, and——"

"I remember all, sweet; but you will get chilled standing here with your wet garments on." And pressing his lips to the cheek of the girl, he took off his coat, and wrapping it round her, carried her to her mother's door.

"Dear Edward, what can I do for you in return for saving my life?"

He did not tell her, as he might have done, that her life was not in danger, but answered, carelessly, "Pooh! it was nothing, Claire. But yes; I'll tell you what can you do—be my little wife?"

"Mamma says I sha'n't be married till I'm twenty-three."

"Well, promise to be my wife then, as I'll— I'll——"

"What, Edward?"

"No matter; only promise."

And the strange boy caught her arm passionately.

"Oh, Edward, you hurt me! Of course I'll be your wife, dear, when I am old enough."

The lurking devil in the boy's eye vanished, and drawing her close to him, he said, "Remember, you have promised. Good-by, little wife."

And springing over the low fence, he was soon out of sight.

After the girl had changed her wet clothes for dry ones, and was sitting in her usual seat by her mother's side, she sighed heavily, and said, "If Edward wasn't so passionate, mamma, I should have a happy time when I'm his wife."

"What do you mean, child?"

"Why; I'm to be Edward's wife, you know."

"Pshaw, child! How you talk!"

"Indeed, I am, mamma. I promised him, and I would not go back on my word for worlds."

"Why, Claire, you are daft, child, talking about marriage at your age."

"I'm twelve, mamma, and you were only sixteen when you married. Besides, Edward don't want me to be his wife for a long time yet—not till I'm twenty-five."

The allusion to her own early marriage silenced the mother, though the unconscious child did not know the happy hit she had made.

For the first time the mother realized that her child was fast approaching that charmed season where childhood and womanhood clasp hands. To her mother eye she had never looked so womanly as within the last hour. Her face appeared purer, and on the broad white brow seemed already written—

"Woman's lot is on me."

Were some sage or seer present, could he not have divined the future path she was to tread, the priceless love she was to give away, the sorrow that was to refine the already pure gold of her nature, the genius that was to sing such songs for the multitude, and the laurel wreath that genius was to bind about her brow?

But neither sage nor seer were present, and the mother saw nought of all this; but she feared enough to make her wish she could gather her darling close to her breast, and hold her there for ever; that she was once more a little child in a long white night-dress, and she was rocking her to sleep as of old. All this the mother felt, though she knew the danger was afar off; yet she shuddered to think of what the future might bring forth—if her ever being the wife of the unprincipled, passionate Edward Logan.

It was childish talk, she knew; and yet it was a great relief when, two months subsequently, the Logan family moved to a distance, leaving her one little ewe-lamb safe in the fold.

* * * * * *

Five years have passed away—five long years—during which the flowers have blossomed and faded, moons have waxed and waned, and hearts have broken.

A girl of rare beauty stands at the gate of a white mansion—stands flushing and paling beneath the impassioned glances and passionate love-words of a young and handsome man.

"I do love you, Edward, and will be your wife."

"When, Claire?"

"As soon after I return home as possible; very soon, if my father be willing."

And the bright head was hidden on his breast.

"My bird, I will be tender and true to you. May Heaven forsake me if I ever fail you, darling Clare!"

His voice was burdened with tenderness—the man evidently believed what he said. A few more words were spoken, then they parted—Claire to sleep and dream of her idol (for such Edward Logan had grown to be); to hear through the coming days a sweet new happiness; to carry her young head almost regally, as though the white brow where his kisses had been laid was more precious than the brow of yesterday. Oh, woman's love and woman's faith! Alas and alas!

Again before the dreamer's eye there came another vision, and over the fair face came another change—a change that seemed to electrify her entire being. As we have said, the vision changed, it seemed as if the expression changed with the thoughts that stirred her. No wonder the wan face lighted up with joy, for low love-tones were in her ear, a dear head was bent to hers, and a rich voice whispered, "I love you."

Then there came gathering around her troops of friends, and set them down in the vacant chairs by her side. In the midst stood a youth and maiden, and a clergyman joined their hands together in holy wedlock. The low, sweet hum of voices, the fragrance of flowers, the laughter of women.

Then the pageant drifted away, and left her as before, save that a rare sweetness lingered about the beautiful lips. Then the moonlight faded, and shadows cold and gray stole into the room. Over the woman's face the gray shadow crept, the smile faded, and again the vision changed. Before her lay a small coffin, and within it lay a little fair-haired child—her child and Edward's! Over the shining curls of gold white flowers were strewn, and the pearl-white hands held a pure white rose. Then the lonely woman's head was bowed, and sobs shook the slender frame. But hark! A sound reaches her ear; she starts up and listens eagerly. Footsteps draw near, the door is thrown open, and two men enter, bearing the form of another between them. It is a man dead drunk, and they fling him rudely upon a couch. The woman kneels beside him.

"Edward—oh, Edward!"

The younger man leaves the room, whilst the elder stands in grim silence by her side.

"Your husband is an honor to you, Claire!"

She raised her arm with a deprecating gesture.

"Spare me, father!"

"You would marry him, Claire; but, poor child! I will not add to your sorrow by reproaches. It seemed as if it was your destiny to be Edward Logan's wife, for three times you were separated from him, as I thought, for ever, and at last he won you. Thank Heaven, your mother's eyes were closed in death ere she saw this wretchedness of her child. If you would only leave him, Claire! I do not see why it is you will not consent to leave him!"

"The reason is simply this, father—I love him!"

The father turned away, and left the daughter alone with her drunken husband.

And Claire, the woman whose genius electrified a million hearts—what did she do?

What could she do but kneel in her anguish before her God, and bowing her fair face almost to the ground, murmur through her lips, "Not my will, Father, but Thine be done!"

JAPAN WAYS.—At the post stations, in Japan, the horses are placed and tied in their stalls with their heads to the passage-way, and their tails where we place their heads. Thus they are fed and kept. In place of iron shoes, the Japanese pony is shod with close-braided rice-straw. The tailor sews from him, not towards his body, and holds the thread with his toes. They have no chimneys to the houses, the smoke finding its way out at the doors and windows; braziers are used instead of fireplaces, and in hot weather are placed outside the dwelling for cooking purposes. The men shave their heads just where the Chinese do not, making a bald spot on the top.

EARLY WATCHES.—Edward VI. appears to have been the first Englishman to wear a watch, and this consisted of "one larum gilt, with two plummets of lead," that is to say, it was driven by weights. This is supposed to have been received by the King as a present from Nuremburg, and was playfully called a Nuremburg animated egg. The word "watch" was derived from an Anglo Saxon word meaning to wake. The first portable time-piece of which we have any record was that of the Chinese pocket dial mounted upon the head of a cane or carried by a chain round the neck.

TURKISH PROVERBS.

ON looking over a note book containing several hundred Turkish proverbs, taken down in the course of reading and conversation, or borrowed from a collection made at the Oriental Academy at Vienna, the writer has amused himself by grouping them roughly under certain heads, so as to illustrate some aspects of the national character and surroundings.

It may be interesting to remark how many well-known English and other European proverbs have their exact counterpart in Turkish. How far are these to be accounted for by contact with, or conquest of, Indo-European races? Or has it been a case of "all bright minds think alike?" For instance, we find: "You should not look a gift-horse in the mouth," in exactly the same words, as well as "He that is born to be hanged will never be drowned," the Turkish version having the advantage of being expressed in two words! The change of words is but slight in "Troubled waters suit the fisher," "One flower does not make summer," and "The robe does not make the dervish;" while in Turkey it is not pot that says to kettle, but negro to negro, that his face is black. We are disposed to prefer "The nail saved the shoe, the shoe the horse, the horse the man, the man the kingdom," to our somewhat lumbering "For want of a nail the shoe was lost," etc. "Wake not the sleeping dog," has as a corollary "Step not on the sleeping serpent;" and we are warned that there is "No rose without a thorn, nor love without a rival."

One instance in which our proverbial wisdom is opposed to the Turkish is to be found in the expression "to kill two birds with one stone." The attempt to do this is condemned by sundry proverbs, such as "One arrow does not bring down two birds," and "You cannot knock down nine walnuts with one stone."

Often we are reminded of Scriptural proverbs and aphorisms. "Nothing unheard of in the world" sounds Solomonian enough; while "Out with the eye that profits me not," "The negro does not whiten with washing," and "That which thou sowest that also shalt thou reap," are strikingly like New Testament teaching. Again and again we find expressed in other words lessons of charity, of moderateness and justice, that would not be unworthy of a Christian teacher, as, "The stranger's prayer is heard," "The heart's testimony is stronger than a thousand witnesses," "Among the blind close your eyes," "In truth is right," "Justice is half religion," "Neighbor's right, God's right."

BONES.—The fore feet of an ordinary ox will make a pint of neatsfoot oil. The thigh bone is the most valuable, being worth $80 per ton for cutting into cloth brush handles. The forelog bones are worth $30 per ton and are made into collar buttons, parasol handles, and jewelry. The water in which the bones are boiled is reduced to glue, the dust which comes from sawing the bones is food for cattle and poultry, and all bones that cannot be used as noted, or for bone black used in refining sugar, are made into fertilizers and help to enrich the soil.

A Narrow Escape From Death.

One of the largest houses in the artistic porcelain and glass business of New York is that of Davis, Collamore & Co. Their head salesman is Mr. Alonzo Clark, a gentleman of about forty years of age. Not long since they came near losing him by death. But he is again at his important post, and in a very fair state of health.

To one who recently called on Mr. Clark to enquire about his recovery, he said:

"About a year and a half ago I caught a severe cold. My lungs became inflamed and my whole system was prostrated. Soon I showed all the symptoms of consumption. I was entirely disabled. I was in the care of one of the best-known physicians in the city and one of the most expensive ones. But physicians could do little or nothing for me. The nearest they came to finding out what was the matter with me was when they advised me if I had any business affairs to settle, to see about it as early as possible, as I could not last long.

"After I got rid of the doctors who had given me up to die I grew a little better and was able to drag myself down to the store. Two lady-customers spoke to me about Compound Oxygen and advised me to go to the New York office of Drs. Starkey & Palen. I knew nothing about the remedy, but concluded to try it at a venture. On taking a few inhalations I was surprised at the effect on me.

When I commenced with the Oxygen I had not for months slept in a bed. I had been compelled to take such sleep as I could get by reclining in a chair. After inhaling the Oxygen awhile, I began to enjoy refreshing sleep for two or three hours at a time. Soon I found myself able to my great delight, to attend to business as of old. I had not all my former strength of course, but I was rapidly gaining, and have kept on gaining ever since. I cannot say too much for Compound Oxygen, for it has brought me back to the condition of health in which you see me now, after the physicians had told me that I must die."

A "Treatise on Compound Oxygen," containing a history of the discovery and mode of action of this remarkable curative agent, and a large record of surprising cures in Consumption, Catarrh, Neuralgia, Bronchitis, Asthma, etc., and a wide range of diseases, will be sent free. Address DRS. STARKEY & PALEN, 1109 and 1111 Girard St., Philadelphia.

Our Young Folks.

JACK'S RIDE TO TOWN.

BY JULIA A. GODDARD.

PAPA, nurse has a secret, and she won't tell us. You make her tell us."

So spoke five-year-old Jack Grey, often known among his brothers and sisters as Pickle, which name enlightens us a great deal as to his general character. They all burst in on their hard-working father, a whirlwind of children, which was wont to whisk in hard upon sundown every evening; for this was the children's hour, when they were allowed to make an inroad into papa's study.

But about this secret, which Baby Bell, Jack, and Maudie were clamoring to have revealed.

"Make any one tell a secret!—fie upon you, Jackie! And, besides, a secret once told would not be a secret any longer," so reasoned papa as they made him a prisoner, climbing upon his knee and sending sheets of paper flying about.

"But 'tis mean and greedy to keep it all to herself," protested Jackie.

"Well, now, I was thinking 'twould be mean to make her tell it," replied papa.

"Do you know it, papa?" whispered Maudie.

"I know it! I question if a secret is quite a secret shared between two," was the reply.

"Do you think 'tis about us, papa?" questioned Jack.

"About you?" Papa looked conscious.

"Oh, papa knows! papa knows!" screamed the three in chorus. "Is it anything going to happen to us?" But papa's face was as wise and mysterious as that of an oracle, his only reply was—

"All things, we are told, come to those who will wait. Go to bed and dream over it, dears, and in the morning, or at some time, the budget will all be out."

So Mr. Grey disturbed them, smiling over his papers after they had closed the door, hearkening to their feet racing away and away.

"Well, Pickle, where are you off to with your big stick?"

It was morning now; Master Jackie in the front porch, his elder brothers, Will and Fred, their satchels across their shoulders, just setting off for morning school.

"I'm not Pickle, and 'tisn't a big stick," returned contradictory Jackie. "But I'm off to have some fun with Neddy." Neddy was the donkey, and out went the small boy into the sunshine.

"Better not, he'll turn the tables on you, old man," was his eldest brother's caution. "You know, two can play pranks."

"I know it; I mean to have a rare game."

"Well, what is your little game?" questioned Will, genially.

"I'm going to ride Neddy all round the ground."

"And he'll throw you, and crack your nose."

"He'd throw you, and crack yours, but he won't throw me; I shall hold on ever so tight."

"Hear him! There's a horseman for you—or donkey-man rather. Hold on, indeed! You'll have to hold on if you do anything so foolish," returned Will.

"I shall make him go a good stretch at a gallop."

"Phew! a rare old John Gilpin you'll make! One of these days Neddy will start with you."

"Oh! I wish he would, and carry me into town; shouldn't I make a clatter!"

"I dare say you would crack your crown, and cry like a baby." Fred said that very grandly, seeing he was eight years old, and looked down upon Jack from the height of his great age.

"I shouldn't cry; you'd cry yourself," returned the mite, crossly.

"And how about papa?"

"I shan't let papa know," said little Jackie.

"Come along, Fred, or we shall be late," spoke Will, pulling Fred by the sleeves; "and you, Master John, don't be so confident, or you'll come to grief, as that other worthy did, you know."

Then the two elder lads sauntered away.

"He didn't come to grief; 'twas no end of a game!" screamed the young one after them, himself trudging away to seek Neddy in his grass-field.

"Do you think he'll tumble off?" questioned Fred.

"No; because he'll never be able to mount," returned the other.

"I've almost caught him," were the words which greeted them from over a high embankment wall, which shut in Neddy's grass-ground from the road along which they were passing.

"Ay! 'Almost' is a beautiful dog," said Will. "Get down off the wall, you little climber, or you'll break your neck."

"Yes, get down, and let Neddy alone," cried Fred, waving "good bye" to it over his shoulder, but the young rebel shouted back defiance at them.

"They think I'm a baby, and I'm not; I'm ever so big," mused vain-glorious Jack, drawing himself up to his full height after he had scrambled off the wall, fancying all the bees and butterflies must think him a very giant by the way they buzzed and fluttered around him.

"Now, Neddy, old man!" so he coaxed the donkey, by some means bungling a cord on to his head for a bridle. "Now come off to this bank, as I'm going to ride you; only, you see, I can't get up, you are so big," chatted he.

"Ha, ha! Will was wrong:" he was perched on his back, though not without a trial of patience, for the whimsical brute would curve aside, and play him all sorts of shabby tricks, as he told him, a half-angry, half-amused look on his fair young face.

"Now I'll teach you a lesson not to be so mean again," said he, wielding his ready stick all too unwisely, his short fat legs making his seat a very insecure one; and with a saucy "E-haw!" away whisked Neddy through the wide-open gate. Now for a gallop across country—ah! the old brute was taking the way to the town. Ho-ho! 'twas surely John Gilpin all over again; away went his hat, but not his wig, seeing his fair locks were of Mother Nature's own providing. It seemed but a few minutes to the half-amused, half-startled child ere they were in the town, dashing down High Street, where it was market-day. The boy, Gilpin-like, clung to the donkey's neck right gallantly; but what control had he over him? The brute darted into a very tangle of market people, and knocked up against an old apple-woman's stall.

"Get out," cried the little old woman, pushing at Neddy's side with all her might.

This very act brought her to grief; the donkey spirted forward, toppled the old woman against her own stall, and she, grasping the key-pole, as she called it, to the unstable fabric, it fell, the poor little old lady and her apples rolling over together. The donkey leaped on, springing over a perambulator and its freight of babies at a bound, and, in performing this feat, upset an old gentleman, his stick, as it flew from his hand, knocking off a young lady's hat into a milkman's can, as he sold milk at a house-door.

"He's riding a race," cried some admiring urchins on the sidewalk.

"Stop him, or he'll break his neck!" shouted their elders.

"Stop the thief!" screamed some little girls, whom the creature dispersed like a flock of young geese, kicking up his heels.

"Who? Where? When?" A policeman leaped up from somewhere at that word thief, and looked as fierce as a cat after a mouse.

But Neddy was scudding on; he was passing the grammar-school, patter patter! clatter clatter!

"There he goes," whispered unwary Fred, making grimaces across the room to his brother, who answered with many dumb motions, thereby bringing down upon themselves the penalty of writing fifty and a hundred lines, after school, for their respective master.

The young rider was out of the town at last, clinging like a leech to the creature's back. Ah, Master Jack! now for the secret you were so anxious to know the evening before. Strolling along the sunlit lane was a certain Harry Long, with something in an basket, at which he peered lovingly, tenderly. Scarcely had he passed through the fretwork of light and shadow towards the village and Mr. Grey's house when the mad young rider came careering on. 'Twas but a stone that made Neddy stumble, and shoot Master Jackie over his head with a thud to the ground. Poor little mimic John Gilpin, there he lay, his hand grasping the donkey's bridle, the animal himself looking sheepish and ashamed at the turn events had taken. The mite's ankle was twisted under him, though he pressed his lips ever so tightly, a few childish tears would trickle down his cheeks.

There Jackie lay among the sunshine, summer breezes, bees, and butterflies, a sorry little example of the evil consequences of childish self-pleasing.

"Well, Master Jack, come to grief?" so a farm laborer accosted him, long after dinner time, and when every one at home had been wondering and wondering what had become of Jack.

"No, but my foot is," was the boy's reply a little fist going up and whisking the tell-tale tears away.

"Well, that's much the same thing. I'm thinking;" and he bore the little lad triumphantly home in his arms, and there he was soon put to bed.

"A prisoner for a month"; so the doctor spoke his opinion, hard upon sundown, when the children were wont to sweep into their papa's study.

"Well, my boy, as the mountain could not go to Mahomet, Mahomet is come to the mountain," said Mr. Grey, as he entered the nursery, whither Jackie had now been carried.

Jackie lay sobbing on his pillow, for the setting right of his twisted foot had been too much for his brave spirit.

"This is very like disobedience, Jackie. Do you know a certain papa who forbade such tricks with Neddy?" And Mr. Grey's arm was around the little lad's neck, his wet cheeks closely pressed to his.

"Yes, papa, yes," was the tearful reply; "and I am punished."

"And, Jackie, that secret was a wee rabbit for each of you. Harry Long brought them today, but I cannot give you yours for a month, not till your foot is well. Do you understand why?"

"Yes, papa, to make me an obedient and a better boy."

"Yes, an obedient boy, this is what I want you to be, Jackie,"

"'Now let us sing, long live the king,
John Gilpin, long live he,
And when he next doth ride to town,
May I be there to see.'"

quoth Will; as mite Jackie was caressing his rabbit for the first time.

"No, I shall never go to town that way again," returned the child humbly; though I need not tell you *that*."

"You'll learn to walk first, eh?" quizzed Will.

"Yes, to walk in the path of child-like duty and obedience," said papa, over Will's shoulder.

GRANDFATHER FROG.

BY PIPKIN.

THERE was not a sound to be heard in the nursery, although there were four children in the room. They were not playing, or eating, or sleeping; they were thinking hard. Robert Henry, or Bobberty, as he was generally called, was perched on one arm of nurse's big chair; small Johnny sat on the other, and Dolly had placed herself between them, with baby on her knee.

Perhaps I ought to say there were three children thinking, for baby was too young to know much about it.

Bobberty was the eldest of the family; now that he was nearly nine years old, he felt himself a big boy—no longer a baby. He also thought it was his duty to look after the others, and tell them what to do. Dolly was only one year younger than he, and she did not like being ordered about. On this particular afternoon Bobberty had fetched them into the nursery, and had told them he wanted to speak to them.

"Children," he said.

Now, even this beginning very much vexed Dolly. It was all right if mamma said, "Children," because then she meant Bobberty, too; but when Bobberty called them "Children" it seemed quite a different thing. Therefore, on this occasion, Dolly objected.

"Look here, Bobberty," she said, "I don't like being called 'Children.' Aunt Rachel always says, 'My child,' or 'My dear child,' when she wants me to do something disagreeable."

"I tell you what, Miss Dolly," interrupted Bobberty; "if you don't be quiet I shan't tell you anything whatever about the surprise."

At the word "surprise," Dolly put her hand over her mouth to keep it shut, for she wanted to hear about the surprise very much.

"Children," began Bobberty once more, giving a little defiant nod of his head at Dolly, "father told me this morning that the day after to-morrow will be mother's birthday. He gave me sixpence, and said we were to buy her something. What shall it be?"

This was the question which set them to work thinking. There was a silence for quite two minutes, and then Johnny exclaimed:

"I think mamma would like sixpenny-worth of toffee. You know, when we get it she always eats some, to save our teeth, she says. Now, if she had it, we might get some of it."

"Now, Johnny," said Dolly, "I call that very greedy of you, though I should like some toffee myself. We must give mamma something she can keep for her own self. I have my three farthings, and Bobberty has two, we might put those with the sixpence."

"I know what we will do," said Bobberty, in a tone of great delight—he had been thinking, and had not heard what the others had been saying—"we will each try and think of something, and then talk about it to-morrow morning."

This they all agreed to.

Dolly then proposed that they have a game of hide-and-seek and she had Bobberty run about as if they had no surprise to trouble them.

Johnny was very quiet all the afternoon and evening, and when mother asked what was the matter, he said, "I mustn't tell; it's a secret."

As soon as ever he had finished his breakfast the next morning, he made his way into the garden. Johnny had one little piece of ground belonging to him, and there was a seat near it. Whenever he was in trouble he made his way to this place. This morning he went there, and was just going to sit down, when he saw a big toad taking a walk right across the path.

Johnny did not know the difference between a toad and a frog, so he thought that this must be a Grandfather Frog. He loved frogs very much, especially tiny little ones, that felt so nice and cold and flabby when he took them in his hand.

He bent down to take up the frog, but it hopped away; and though he tried to catch it, it managed to make its escape. He chased it right up to the house, and was just going to take hold of it when he heard the other children coming into the garden, and soon after they appeared at the door.

"What a big frog!" cried Dolly, when she saw it on the step. She did not wait to go into the garden, but sat down near it.

"Where did you find it, Johnny? It is a beauty!" said Bobberty, as he placed himself next to Dorothy. "I shall have it for mine."

"Oh, but it is my froggie, because I found it my own self, Bobberty," objected Johnny.

"I think it is very ugly, and I am sure I don't want it," said Dolly.

"Mamma said the other day that frogs were useful in the garden," said Johnny.

"Dolly, have you thought of anything for the present?" asked Bobberty. "I know what I shall get, only I am going to keep it a secret. You and I will divide the sixpence, and spend it as we think best. I don't see the good of giving Johnny any, he is so stupid."

Dolly agreed to this arrangement, but poor Johnny began to cry, and ask how he was to get anything for mother.

"You had better ask your frog," said Dolly; and taking hold of baby's hand, she went upstairs again to speak to nurse about the present.

Bobberty soon followed, so once more Johnny was left alone with his frog.

"Froggie dear," sobbed Johnny, "how shall I get something for mother if they are all so unkind?"

There was no answer from the frog, and Johnny continued to cry quietly. Suddenly he stopped, rubbed his sleeve across his eye to wipe away the tears, and ran into the house. Up the stairs he climbed, right up into the top room. There he opened a cupboard, and took out a very pretty basket lined with pink satin; then down he went into the garden again. He was very busy for a long time, and when nurse called him to go for a walk, he begged that he might stop. Nurse, however, did not know what he wanted to do, so Johnny had to go.

All the afternoon he was busy in the garden, and at last nurse began to suspect that something was the matter, but she guessed it had to do with the surprise, and did not ask questions.

At last the birthday morning arrived. It was very early when Bobberty and Dolly got up and dressed themselves, but they found, to their surprise, that Johnny was already out in the garden.

As a special treat, the children were to have breakfast with mother and father on this morning. At eight o'clock Dolly and Bobberty marched downstairs, each carrying a very mysterious parcel. Dolly had a basket and something wrapped very loosely in blue paper, and Bobberty a paper bag. They found breakfast ready, but mother and father were not there, so they put their presents by mother's plate. Much to their surprise, they found one great big basket already on mother's chair, and presently Johnny came in with a very red face, and told them not to touch, for that was his present.

Bobberty and Dolly began to laugh, but at that moment mother entered the room and with a cry of "Many happy returns of the day," all the children ran to kiss her. Then mother moved to her place, and there, to her astonishment, saw the parcels. She opened Dolly's basket first, and in it found some very pretty flowers. Of course she was very pleased with them, and thanked her little daughter with a kiss.

All this time Johnny kept his eyes fixed on his basket, which had begun to wobble about in a very peculiar manner. Father noticed how uncomfortable he looked, and thinking he was in a hurry to have his present looked at, said, "Now, mother, we will look at this big basket. Let us try and guess what is in it."

As he spoke he placed the basket on the table. Though it was very large, it was not high, and instead of a proper lid, Johnny had placed a piece of board over it.

"I am afraid I shall never guess, Johnny so I must look. One, two, three, now——" Mother lifted the board up and underneath she saw the pretty basket covered with a piece of paper. The paper seemed almost alive, for it was moving about.

"Why, that is my best basket," said mother in a tone of astonishment. "Where did you get——" Here she stopped, for by this time the paper cover was off, and out jumped the big toad on to the breakfast-table! Mother and Dolly screamed, Bobberty shouted, and father cried out "Hollo!" Everybody except Johnny looked most astonished. Then they set to work to capture the toad and put it in the big basket again. The toad, however, was very lively, and had a good hop on the table before he was caught.

"There he is at last," said for her. "Now, Bobberty, take him back into the garden." At this everybody except Johnny looked very glad, but he began to cry.

"Why, mother, you said you liked frogs, and I wanted to give you a surprise. I thought you would be sure to like a big Grandfather Frog," he said.

"Well, Johnny, you certainly have given me a surprise—the biggest surprise I ever had on my birthday; but we can't keep the toad in the house, so I must ask you to take care of it for me in the garden."

Johnny's face brightened, and he left off crying; he thought it would be very nice to look after the frog for his mother. Then he told mother all his troubles—how he hadn't any money, how he had had to chase the frog, and what a terrible worry it had all been.

Mother, as a matter of course, comforted him, and told him she was greatly pleased with him for having taken so much trouble for her sake.

"Children," she said, "I think, after all, Johnny's present is the best, though it was only a Grandfather Frog."

SEA PRESSURE.—When an ocean-going ship has been lost at sea, people sometimes wonder how it is that the mighty deep yields up no tales, and that though the vessel may have been built of stout oak, she remains buried out of sight, never to be seen by mortal eye again until the roaring main shall give up its dead. But the explanation is a simple one, after all. When a ships sinks in deep water, the pressure of the element about it forces minute quantities of the sea into the pores of the wood. The wood in this case is made heavier than the surrounding water, and is as incapable of rising to the surface, even when detached from the submerged ship, as a pickaxe head or a lump of coal. Gradually covered with sand, the heavy hulk thus sinks slowly out of the sight even of the fishes.

TOGETHER.

BY ADELAIDE A. PROCTOR.

The evening wind is wailing, sad and low,
Across the lake and through the rustling sedge;
The splendor of the golden after-glow,
Gleams through the blackness of the great yew hedge;
And this I read on earth and in the sky—
"We ought to be together, you and I."

Rapt through its rosy changes into dark,
Fades all the west; and through the shadowy trees,
And in the silent uplands of the park,
Creeps the soft sighing of the rising breeze:
It does but echo to my weary sigh,
"We ought to be together, you and I."

My hand is lonely for your clasping, dear,
My ear is tired, waiting for your call;
I want your strength to help, your laugh to cheer,
Heart, soul, and senses need you, one and all.
I droop without your full frank sympathy—
We ought to be together, you and I.

We want each other so, to comprehend
The dream, the hope, things planned, or seen, or wrought;
Companion, comforter, and guide, and friend,
As much as love asks love, does thought need thought.
Life is so short, so fast the lone hours fly—
We ought to be together, you and I.

WHIPPERS AND WAKERS.

It has been affirmed that the Puritans introduced dogs in the church in order to show their contempt for consecrated places. Whether this were so or not, the presence of dogs became, in larger churches, such a nuisance, that an official, called the dog-whipper, or dog-"knawper," was especially appointed to drive dogs from the sacred edifice, the office having previouly been held by the sexton or apparitor, as a rule. The close railing about the altars was first introduced about this period, so that the sacrarium and the holy table might be protected from desecration and pollution by these quadrupeds.

The remuneration of dog-whippers and sluggard-wakers (those who waked sleepy church-goers) varied according to circumstances—from twenty-five cents to two dollars a year.

In admonishing young people, the author of "A Choice Drop of Seraphic Lore," said: "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy, and carefully attend the worship of God; but bring no dogs with you to church; those Christians surely do not consider where they are going when they bring dogs with them to the assembly of divine worship, disturbing the congregation with their noise and clamor. Be thou careful, I say, of this scandalous thing, which all ought to be advised against as indecent." At this time, a footman was often seen "following his lady to church with a large Common Prayer Book under one arm, and a snarling cur under the other."

A certain divine was at one period of his ministry much annoyed by dogs during service in the church, and had found scolding of the congregation ineffectual for ridding him of the annoyance. On one occasion he found an unexpected ally who did him good service. He was preaching with great animation and vigor, as usual, when a large black dog came stepping up the middle aisle with great formality, moving his long tail from side to side, and sniffing at the entrance of every pew, in order to find out his master. As bad luck for him would have it, he stopped at one of the pews where a rough, half-witted looking fellow was sitting, with his chin leaning upon a stick, which he clasped with both his hands. The fellow, thinking that the dog was stopping in order to bite, gave him a hard blow upon the nose, and down fell the dog stunned at his feet. On seeing this, the minister was greatly delighted, and, having stopped, said to the man, with emphasis: "Thank you for that, sir;" and then proceeded with his discourse.

When Queen Victoria attended Crathie Church for the first time, the clergyman was followed up the pulpit steps by a large dog, which reclined against the door during the delivery of the sermon. The minister in attendance on the Queen remonstrated with the clergyman. On the next Sabbath day the dog was not at church. A day or two afterwards, whilst dining at Balmoral, the clergyman was asked by Her Majesty to explain the cause of absence of the animal from church. He explained that he had been informed that the dog's presence annoyed the Queen. "Not at all," was the royal response; "I wish everbody behaved as well at church as your noble dog."

A clergyman from Edinburgh, officiating at a country church, could not comprehend why the congregation kept their seats when he rose to pronounce the benediction, instead of standing up, as was then the custom in Scotland. Seeing his embarrassment, the precentor, who had guessed its cause, called out: "Say awa', sir; it's joost to cheat the dawgs!"

We have only dwelt with the subject as far as relates to Great Britain; but the necessity for appointing dog-whippers and sluggard-wakers has existed on this side of the Atlantic, and elsewhere. Here are instances:

As a clergyman in Connecticut was reading one of the Lessons for the day, he noticed a surly-looking dog frisking along the aisle, evidently in search of something upon which he might exercise his mischievous bent. Soon he secured a hat which was placed outside one of the pews. The owner seeing this, and objecting to this unceremonious proceeding with his chapeau, poked him with a cane, hoping thereby that he might regain his headgear. The cur was disobliging. The sexton soon appeared on the scene. The dog then beat a hasty retreat with his prize. Some of the congregation joined in the chase; but after cleverly dodging his pursuers for some time, the dog reached the door, carring off with him what remained of the gentleman's hat.

During his visit to Sarna, Du Chaillu tells us in his "Midnight Sun" that on ascending the pulpit he "saw near the Bible what resembled a policeman's club, at the end of which was a thick piece of leather, the whole reminding me of a martinet. This had been used, until within a few years, to awake the sleepers; the parson striking the pulpit with it very forcibly, thus compelling attention. Near the pulpit was a long pole, rounded at one end, with which the sexton, it appears, used to poke the ribs of sleepers. These two implements, intended to keep the church awake, were used extensively in many out-of-the-way places in Sweden, twenty or thirty years ago."

Grains of Gold.

To live simply is a great art.

Patience is bitter, but its fruit is sweet.

A grain of prudence is worth a pound of craft.

A word and a stone let go cannot be recalled.

Expect nothing from him who promises a great deal.

Birds are entangled by their feet, and men by their tongues.

Indolence is the rust of the mind, and the inlet of every vice.

It is a mistake to suppose a great mind is inattentive to trifles.

A man gains nothing by vain-glory but contempt and hatred.

Argument, however excellent, will never cure the evil of the age.

To study philosophy is nothing but to prepare one's self to die.

A wise man's thoughts walk with him, but a fool's without him.

There are proofs which are to be proved only by faith and feeling.

A man's folly is his worst foe, and his discretion his best friend.

Wrong none by doing injuries, or omitting the benefits that are your duty.

At all times kindness is better than illnature, and courtesy is a nobler thing than disrespect.

He who observes the speaker more than the sound of words will seldom meet with disappointments.

Mistake not. Those pleasures are not pleasures that trouble the quiet and tranquility of thy life.

No man ever made an ill-figure who understood his own talents, nor a good one who mistook them.

Never reason from what you do not know. If you do, you will soon believe what is utterly against reason.

Money in your purse will credit you; wisdom in your head will adorn you; and both in your necessity will serve you.

Selfishness mars the loveliest actions; it stains the fairest beauty; it dims the brightest lustre; it blotches the most munificent charity.

This very sage advice was given by an aged priest: "Always treat an insult like mud from a passing vehicle. Never brush it off until it is dry."

He who is able and willing to say "No," firmly, whenever the cause of right requires it, will say "Yes" with a fuller and richer meaning at all other times.

When amiability descends to weakness, it loses all claims to respect or admiration. To be worthy of regard, it must be strong, and to be strong it must stand upon a solid foundation.

Femininities.

Woman has no more important duty than that of making home pleasant.

Queen Victoria is said to have, mounted in silver, the ball that killed Admiral Nelson.

Some people are born to make life pretty, and others to grumble that it is not pretty enough.

Widows in Wareham, Mass., are annually allowed a barrel of herrings free from the town fishery.

The name of the Chinese Emperor's wife is Kan Di. She must be almost as sweet as a Philadelphia girl.

The elopement of a Miss of 14 summers and a lad two years her senior has caused a sensation in Macon, Ga.

To be plump is to be in fashion. The lean girl, who has been showing off her good points these many years, must go.

The city of Baltimore is to abolish the custom of allowing floral presents to be made to the girl graduates of the public high schools of that city.

Mrs. Joseph E. McDonald, wife of ex-Senator McDonald, of Indiana, was pronounced by Matthew Arnold the most beautiful woman in the world.

No man knows what the wife of his bosom is—no man knows what a ministering angel is—until he has gone with her through the fiery trials of this world.

An aged woman, living in Bethel, Conn., has been so dangerously poisoned by the use of soft soap, made by herself, that her recovery is not thought possible.

Mistress, catching her maid asleep on the drawing-room sofa: "Why, Mary, I am surprised." The maid: "So am I, ma'am. I firmly believed you was out."

Landlady—"The pipes are burst, and the water is all over the house." Boarder—"Yes, I've noticed it." Landlady—"Did you? Where?" Boarder—"In the soup."

"Doctor," said a despairing patient to her physician, "I am in a dreadful condition. I can neither lay nor set. What shall I do?" "I think you had better roost," was the reply.

Mrs. Garfield is worth about $450,000, which nets an income, at 4 per cent., of $18,000 a year. Her pension from Congress is $5,000 annually, making her entire resources $23,000.

Moths, when once found to be established in a carpet, can be killed, it is stated, by laying a wet sheet upon the carpet and rubbing over it a hot iron, so as to convert the moisture into steam.

It is proposed to erect a "new widows' home" in Reading. The movement is unnecessary, it seems to us. New widows can generally secure homes for themselves. It is the old widows who need charity the most.

New Guiana, in the South Sea, has not only dogs, but pigs; and it seems to us an odd thing that the natives, though they have dogs, should make pets of pigs. Papuan women will nurse and fondle a pig as an American woman caresses her dog.

A new industry for women is developing in London. It is that of adviser of household decoration. As practiced by the sisters of an eminent artist, it consists in driving from house to house and telling the newly rich what they want in the way of decoration.

The deposed Empress, Eugenie, goes shopping in London, when she wishes to procure anything, just like any lady of limited means, and her mourning gown and long crape veil do not preserve her from being run after and stared at by crowds of ill-mannered people.

Probably the most quaintly simple woman in Washington society is Mrs. Hubbard, the mother of Attorney General Garland. She presides over her son's house, and on last official reception day answered the door-bell herself, conducting her visitors to the parlor and talking in the most matter of fact way.

The wife of Mr. Chandler, the ex-Secretary of the Navy, was the daughter of a former Senator Hale, while the wife of Senator Hale of the present day is the daughter of a former Secretary Chandler. No relationship exists between the families. One has a son named Hale Chandler, and the other a son named Chandler Hale.

Mrs. Blinker, of Detroit, asked Matilda, her colored housemaid, one evening: "What dreadful scratching is that out in the kitchen? It must be the dog trying to get in. I never heard anything like it in my life!" "Dat's no dog scratchin' de doah. Dat's de cook writin' a lub letter to her honeysuckle, who works ober in Chatham."

Boston girl (to Uncle James, a farmer): "Do you like living on a farm, Uncle James?" Uncle James—"Yes, I like it very much." Boston girl—"I suppose it is nice enough in the glad summer time, but to go out in the cold and snow to gather winter apples and harvest winter wheat, I imagine might be anything but pleasant."

Corsicans are Italians by blood and language, Frenchmen by a political accident, and idlers by nature. The women are the laborers, and also the beasts of burden. A French traveler says he has seen women and girls emerging from the woods, bending under the heavy loads of brushwood for fuel, while their male companions rode behind them on ponies or mules.

"My wife is the most ingenious woman who ever lived," said Jones. "I believe you," returned Smith, politely. "But you don't know why you believe me," intimated Jones. "To tell the truth, I don't," replied Smith, looking bored. "Well, I'll tell you. We've been married twelve years, and lived in the same house all the time; and this morning she found a new place to hide my slippers!"

It is said by one who professes to know, that Queen Victoria's household includes a trusted attendant, whose especial duty it is to look after and arrange the collection of photographs of members of the royal family that are arranged chronologically in a series of albums. It is the Queen's express wish that her collection shall contain a copy of every photograph of her children, or grandchildren, or other children.

Masculinities.

Conceit may puff a man up, but never prop him up.

Do try to be sensible; it is not a particular sign of superiority to talk like a fool.

The four Senators from South Carolina and Arkansas have only five legs under them.

A physician of Hammonton, N. J., has four sons, all of whom have adopted the medical profession.

A Washington dentist claims to have pulled an average of fifteen teeth every day for the last twenty years.

If you have lost a child, remember that for the one that is gone there is no more to do; for those left, everything.

A lightning express, at Athenia, N. J., a few nights since, struck and killed a man whose widow lost her first husband by lightning.

"Will you pass the butter, Mr. Fogg?" asked Brown. "Every time," replied Fogg. The landlady says it was the way Fogg said it that made her mad.

It is said that since he entered the Presidential Mansion, Mr. Cleveland has never once been late at breakfast; and he requires the same punctuality of all the household.

A matrimonial advertisement winds up as follows: "Fortune no object, but should require the girl's relations to deposit $10,000 with me as security for her good behavior."

A rumor is current that Secretary Endicott, not content with being a great reader of fiction, is actually himself writing a novel, and has got as far as the thirty-fourth chapter.

A girl, masquerading in boy's clothing, slipped and fell. She said, "Ouch!" and this gave her away. A man would have been just as much hurt, but he would have made a different remark.

Trips to Europe are taken for pleasure, business, cure of broken-down systems, ministerial sore throats, and all sorts of reasons, but the latest is that of a Connecticut man, who hopes to get rid of boils.

A thief gained entrance to the sleeping apartments of a Jersey City man a few nights ago, and covered the sleeper's face with black grease, after which he abstracted one dollar from his pocket and absconded.

Ex-Governor Waller, of Connecticut, the new Consul General to London, is emphatically a self-made man. It is stated that, as a boy, he spent many a night in empty barrels on the wharves of New York and Boston.

Francis Coppee, the poet of the poor, lately received into the French Academy, is shy and retiring of life. He makes his home in a little cottage with his unmarried sister, and mingles seldom in fashionable society.

The Japanese form of administering an oath is to dip a finger in ink. In London a Japanese witness was sworn in that way the other day, and after the formality he remarked that it was useless, as he knew nothing about the case in question.

Rob saw the pale outlines of the moon in the day time, and told Bob about it. "Oh, no," Bob protested; "you can't see the moon till dark." "Oh, yes," Rob persisted; "and there it is." "Well," said Rob, as he caught sight of it over the tree tops, "it isn't lighted, anyway."

Bobby (at dinner table): "Will you tell us about your escape after dinner, Mr. Featherly?" Young Mr. Featherly (a guest): "About what escape, Bobby? I have had no escape." "Yes, you have. The fool-killer, you know. Pa told sister yesterday that he wondered how you had escaped him so long."

In married life there should be sympathy, companionship. The husband and wife should be friends and comrades, without a thought of getting the better of each other. They should join hands at the altar with the idea of being made one. There can be no true love where the thought of mastery enters the mind.

The man who has failed in the use of some indirectness is helped very little by the fact that his rivals are men to whom that indirectness is a something human, very far from being alien. There remains this grand distinction, that he has failed, and that the jet of light is thrown entirely on his misdoings.

New York men have taken to wearing button-hole bouquets of late, and flower stands have sprung up from one end of the city to the other. Every other man wears a flower in his button-hole, even when going up-town from business, and at night a larger proportion are decorated with a rose, lily of the valley, or some violets.

"My dear," said a husband to his wife, "I am unable to get any sleep. I have tossed ever since I came to bed. I wish you would get up and prepare me a little laudanum." "It is hardly worth while now," she replied; consulting her watch; "it's almost time to build the kitchen fire." Then he sank into a quiet, restful slumber.

To one marriage is simply a fact of his life looked back upon with satisfaction or regret, according to the pleasure or discomfort he has experienced in it, to another it has opened up a new world of responsibility and duty, as well as happiness; it has invested life with a sacred trust and a priceless value, and has given a higher and nobler aim for all endeavor than could have been gained without it.

Young men, don't rely upon your friends. Don't rely upon the name of your ancestors. Thousands have spent the prime of life in the vain hope of those whom they call friends; and thousands have starved because they had a rich father. Rely upon the good name made by your own exertions; and know that better than the best friend you can have is unquestionable determination, united with decision of character.

"Won't you have another piece of pie, Mr. Featherly?" asked Bobby, very hospitably. His mother was entertaining a few friends at dinner; the dessert was being discussed. "Thanks, Bobby," Featherly replied; "since you are so polite about it, I believe I will take a small piece." "All right!" said Bobby. "Now, ma, remember your promise. You said if it was necessary to cut a second pie I could have two pieces."

Married in Haste.

BY E. LINWOOD SMITH.

THE night before my wedding-day! Was ever night so full of hours—were ever hours so full of dreary minutes, that seemed to crawl after each other through its dead, cold gloom?

Yet it was, by my own consent to be my wedding day to-morrow. I had said it; I had not only said it, but I had said I should never repent.

As the early dawn breaks through the gloom of night, I hear the old cock in the farmyard give a dismal hoot preparatory to his first crow to the new day.

And, utterly tired out, I drop asleep.

One—two—three—four—five—six—seven—eight beats of the tall old clock on the stair-head outside my door, and I start wildly to my feet.

"At nine o'clock, then," he had said.

I had only one hour—only one hour to be Norah Glennie.

At the time that clock struck ten, I should be Norah Mapleson—a wife, a true wife to a true husband.

I then re-arrange my dress with feverish haste.

I only stop to drink a cup of milk ere I leave the house, only just in time to catch the train as it passes our country station.

I am in time.

Once more my hands are clasped in his. We say no word; only hurry through the sleepy streets till we enter the dingy office, where, by some strange method, we are made man and wife. All is a dream to me.

I wonder vaguely where are my bridesmaids, where are my father and mother? Bah! why of course they are dead long, long ago.

I have only my old uncle, and he is lying bedridden at Norlington Farm.

How could he be here? The only thing that seems real to me is the shining ring on my finger.

I look at it in a kind of fear as I draw my old kind glove over it before leaving the house into which Norah Glennie had gone a few minutes ago, and out of which now a white, startled woman was issuing—Norah Mapleson.

"Don't be so distressed, my darling! Don't look so, or I cannot bear it!"

I draw a deep breath; I stretch out my hand a little wildly, I suppose, for he takes it firmly in his, and lays it on his arm as he hurries me through the streets back again in the direction of the railway station.

Once more we are in the train.

"Mine—mine for ever! I do not fear the future now!" is all my husband says; but there is a world of love in his eyes.

Poor William! in a week's time he will be on the ocean, and we will have parted for many months—perhaps years.

He lets me rest quietly in his arms during the very short journey back again to Norlington.

I get out of the train alone, as he is going on some business two stations further on; then he will come back for the rest of the week to the farm.

"Before you go into his room, wife, darling, you will take it off?"—and he touches my finger, on which the bright new wedding-ring glitters.

"I cannot!" I say, shuddering. "It is unlucky to remove a wedding-ring!"

"But, my darling, his sharp eyes will—"

The train goes on, and I am alone. I see his face looking at me from the window, alarmed and anxious; but I nod reassuringly, and he smiles.

It causes no remark that I have been out so early this morning, for everything lately is upset by reason of my uncle's illness, and William's near departure.

Then again, there is only old Betty in the kitchen; and, perhaps, she scarcely knows I have been out; and if the nurse who has been called in to attend my uncle knows, she, doubtless, thinks I have been into town on some household errand.

About my ring. I must hide it; but I cannot take it off. I hurry up into my room, and hurriedly turn over the contents of an old musty dressing-case, that had been my father's.

Where can it be, that old garnet ring, with the queer under-groove in it, that I feel sure will let this thin wedding-ring slip into it, and so keep my secret from prying eyes.

Ah! with hot, trembling fingers I find it. It does exactly as I thought it would do.

With that broad old ring always on I need fear no discovery. None but myself would ever know that under it lay another, the tiny circlet of gold binding me stronger than iron bands could do to my "dear love."

* * * * *

During the day my old uncle is taken much worse, and he will let no one be near him but me.

William comes in and out of the room, but I am tied to it nearly all the day, till towards evening uncle falls into a deep sleep, and I can safely leave him with his nurse.

It was a rambling strange old house, Norlington Farm, and it had been my only home now for nearly seven years, all of which time William Mapleson had lived as my uncle's steward and helper under the same roof.

It had been a hard self-denying life for him, perhaps; but for me—or rather for his love for me—he would never have borne it. Till latterly, the hard old man had never discovered our love; and when he had, there was no more peace for us under his roof.

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He had raged and stormed, declaring that no niece of his should marry William Mapleson, on pain of disinheritance.

Mine was always a weak, timid nature. Perhaps some women (I was no longer a young girl; my thirtieth birthday had come and gone) would have actively resented tyranny, and asserted their individual rights. I could not, I was in his power; for when my parents died he had taken me in, a penniless girl, and had from that time given me, in his peculiar hard way, all that I needed to—not but what some would have felt they fully earned such keep.

I scarcely ever looked at it in that way.

I have been weak and helpless, alone in the world, not very strong in health, when he had come to my father's funeral; and after paying all expenses, had simply said, "Now go and pack up your kit. You must come with me to Norlington Farm. Can't say, I'm sure, what old Betty will say; but there's nothing else, as I see, to be done. Remember, my girl, it is not a lady's life I am offering you; but I suppose you are not too fine a lady to know what work means?"

If I had been then, all was corrected by now. During these seven years I have worked hard and lived hard.

Yet there are those who say old Peter Glennie is worth half a million of money!

* * * * *

My golden week of happiness is gone; but although William is gone, I am strangely content.

I do not regret the step I have taken.

Since the morning after my marriage, my uncle had been better and quieter. Old Mr. Baines, the lawyer, had been with him a full hour that morning, and old Jenkyns had been called into his room to sign his name to some document, together with the hired nurse.

"He 's a miserable old man,' she said to me that same day. "I suppose it's his will we signed. What a grudge he seems to have against marriage. He growls continually, even in his sleep, about fools getting married!"

"Ah!" I said; "he has never married."

"No," she laughed. "I should not say anyone was the loser by that, either."

He had called her at this moment, and I was left alone to overhear a conversation between Old Jenkyns and Betty, who, being both deaf, were talking over the same matter in the kitchin.

"Ah well, Betty, it's a hard day for the farm when Mr. William goes away; and how'll the old master do with a new steward at his toime o'life, I wonder?"

"He know's what he's about, never you fear. Do'ee think for a moment as how he don't know a' letting him go is the only way o' preventing' a marriage between he and Miss Noran? Ha! ha! ha!"

As I hear her cunning old laugh at my expense, I sit hugging my love to my heart.

How little she knew we were married only yesterday, under her very nose, as it were

So far, I had deceived him and the few other people I knew—deceived him through his own harshness; for so far as I was concerned, I would have told him, only I knew, and my husband knew, that any sudden shock would in all probability kill him.

We should have parted, and kept true faith to each other, if my strength had not been weakened when that good offer to go to Canada had come so suddenly. Then he had prayed me to marry him before he started, so that if my uncle died I might at once come out to him as his wife.

And now William was gone. The ship had sailed, and I was alone; but happier far than as if had denied him his prayer.

Since the day after my marriage, when Mr. Baines had been with my uncle, he had been quieter; but strangely anxious not to let me out of his sight.

All through the week I had not been once out of the house. Of this he seemed to take care by keeping me near him by every pretence he could think of.

The ship had sailed only one week when my uncle died suddenly; and then on the day of his lonely funeral came the reading of the old miser's will.

I came down with my wedding-ring exposed for the first time.

It was noticed at once.

Miss Glennie and Mr. Baines looked aghast at me. The doctor, who had attended my poor old uncle, looked horrified, as well he might, knowing that it meant disinheritance to me if I married.

Old Betty's eyes had a wicked gleam in them as she said, "Perhaps you didn't know, you and William Mapleson, that you'd lose everything if you married?"

"We did not care to think of it," I said. "I should have sailed with him had not my duty kept me with your master."

At that moment I could not say "my uncle," old Betty looked so malicious.

"And so," she said, "you have gone and lost a fortune—lost a fortune to get married!"

I cannot describe the insolent sneer with which she hissed out the words.

"I made his will the 27th of this month, my dear lady, decreeing it so. When were you married?"

"On the 28th, Mr. Baines."

The old gentleman stared at me; then rapidly read the short will.

I was to be disinherited of more than half a million of money if I married from that date—so it was worded.

I was married the day before.

NEW YORK FASHIONS.

Modes, Materials and Methods at Metropolitan Centres.

The chapeau of the period is peaked and tall, with conical crown.

Dressy little veils of Malines net, the same color as the costume, beaded or plain, are a feature of fashion.

The Louis XV. capote, shaped to accommodate the high coiffure composed of greenish gold is the momentary caprice of Parisian ladies.

The craze for green has resolved itself into a shade, or rather a combination of shades under the soubriquet of chartreuse. The new color embraces all tints and tones from the darkest bottle green to the palest cress color or absinthe.

Much of the embroidery seen on the handsomest laces, fabrics and millinery is wrought with threads of real gold, exquisitely fine, but exceedingly effective when raised, stitch upon stitch, to represent the leaves or petals of flowers translated into gold.

Bonnets of tulle and lace entire, upon a wire frame, are in course of preparation for summer toilets of ceremony. The tulle strings are exceedingly wide, and tied in a full bow under the chin. The frames have high crowns, and either bunches of fine flowers or many loops and ends of pale or white satin ribbon rising, pyramid-fashion on the top of the conical crown, from the trimming.

Costumes in current vogue are quite as unique as the chapeaux.

Dresses entirely composed of black lace, real Chantilly, Llama, yak, or woolen lace, piece lace or laize, and robe dresses, are all the rage in Paris.

A late caprice is a bodice with square shoulders and sleeves with sagging puffs at or above the elbow.

With the plain full skirt, the belted waist grows every day more popular for midsummer costumes; and so marked is the preference for this class of toilet that the over dress and polonaise are rapidly becoming *de trop*.

Large, soft fluffy-looming bows dotting the suit at divers points are seen at the centres of style.

A commercial and modistic feature of the metropolis is Redfern, tailor to the Queen of England and her daughters, including the beautiful Princess of Wales! His New York house—210 Fifth Avenue, extends through the block to Broadway, and yet he has not space enough to meet the requirements of his constantly increasing business. All the best people of the section are supplied from his sanctum of styles. So busy are his hundred or more cutters, fitters and sewers of all classes kept, it is with difficulty that even a glimpse of his garments can be obtained by the most expert and diplomatic corps of press reporters, because his orders are promptly sent out at the instant of completion. Yet the cut and make and impression of Redfern's styles are unmistakeable. In the first place, they are thoroughly English in substance and detail. There is no elaborate drapery, no cut of materials forming a patchwork of inartistic variety over the garment whatever it may be. But every line, every stitch, every button and braid does its part effectively in producing the ensemble which has made this house so justly popular with the most exacting people of society here, in Paris, London and Cowes, and Isle of Wight England, in all of which places there is a branch of the house of Redfern. Another branch is already found at Newport and of course its success is ensured.

The latest walking jackets at Redfern's are double breasted with the sides folded and buttoned back when the weather demands an open front. The cloth may be checked, plaided, plain, smooth or rough surfaced, but it must not for these jackets be fine in effects of the weaving. It must have a serge, canvas, diagonal, armure or basket weft, but the fine texture doeskin must not be there. The entire jacket save the fronts is lined with satin of a color to match or contrast with that of the cloth. The buttons rather far apart are of medium size, gilt, fretted or figured and bullet shaped.

* * *

HUSBAND—"I have just learned that my brother John is seriously ill." Wife (in consternation)—"Oh, I hope not dear; and arrangements for Clara's debut next week all completed! Poor girl! A death in the family, just at this time, would be most unfortunate."

IF your beard is not of a pleasing shade, remedy the defect by the use of Buckingham's Dye for the Whiskers.

AYER'S SUGAR CATHARTIC COATED PILLS

CURE

Headache, Nausea, Dizziness, and Drowsiness. They stimulate the Stomach, Liver, and Bowels, to healthy action, assist digestion, and increase the appetite. They combine cathartic, diuretic, and tonic properties of the greatest value, are a purely vegetable compound, and may be taken with perfect safety, either by children or adults. E. L. Thomas, Framingham, Mass., writes: "For a number of years I was subject to violent Headaches, arising from a disordered condition of the stomach and bowels. About a year ago I commenced the use of Ayer's Pills, and have not had a headache since." W. P. Hannah, Gormley P. O., York Co., Ont., writes: "I have used Ayer's Pills for the last thirty years, and can safely say that I have never found their equal as a cathartic medicine. I am never without them in my house." C. D. Moore, Elgin, Ill., writes: "Indigestion, Headache, and Loss of Appetite, had so weakened and debilitated my system, that I was obliged to give up work. After being under the doctor's care for two weeks, without getting any relief, I began taking Ayer's Pills. My appetite and strength returned, and I was soon enabled to resume my work, in perfect health."

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HOMEOPATHIC

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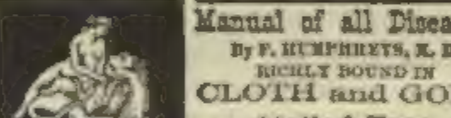

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$250 A MONTH. Agents wanted. 90 best selling articles in the world. 1 sample free. Address JAY BRONSON, Detroit, Mich.

OPIUM Morphine Habit Cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till cured. DR. J. STEPHENS, Lebanon, Ohio.

CAN [illegible] wanted. People's Encyclopedia. Send 25 cents for outfit at once. H. M. BROCKSTEDT, 113 Pine Street, St. Louis, Mo.

Recent Book Issues.

"Snob Papers," by Adair Welcker is a novel of which the scene is laid in San Francisco, Oakland and the surrounding country, and the character is: Junius Oldbiegh an old Forty-Niner, having accumulated vast wealth at the mines, comes to San Francisco for the purpose of circulating among the snobs and being one of them. The book is without a heroine, but nevertheless numbers of young ladies, attractive, romantic and scheming, figure prominently in its pages and give zest and spice to the narrative. T. B. Peterson & Bros., Phila., Publishers.

FRESH PERIODICALS.

Among the many good things in the June *St. Nicholas* are the opening chapters of Sheep or Silver, by the late W. M. Baker, illustrated; instalment of E. P. Roe's, Driven Back to Eden; and J. T. Trowbridge's, His One Fault; a further account of The Children of the Cold, by Lieut. Schwatka; another paper on Among the Law-makers; the third From Bach to Wagner, sketch, the subject being Haydn: short stories by Frank R. Stockton and others; a historical and practical article on The Royal Game of Tennis, with illustrations showing the antiquity of the game; Helen's Prize Dinner, by Annie McClure Sholl, one of the prize winners in the recent competition. There are poems and jingles by half a score of popular writers, and many excellent illustrations.

The June *Wide Awake* opens with a pretty frontispiece and the opening article is a story by Nora Perry, entitled Kate Oxford's One Talent, which shows how one girl earned a living by taking photographs. Two business serials are begun—A New Departure, by Margaret Sidney; and How Middies Set Up Shop, by Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney. The short stories of the number include, Uncle Primus and Dog Turban, by Mrs. Jessie Benton Fremont; The Meeting-House Pattern, by Mrs. Branch; and A Worthy Nine, by Arthur Gilman. Mrs. Lucy C. Lillie has a long and interesting article about The Princess Beatrice. Another entertaining paper is entitled A Wind-mill Pilgrimage, with twelve illustrations. Still another interesting paper is the chapter on Religions; in Mr. Yan Phou Lee's series, When I Was a Boy in China. The new serials, The Child's Paradise, by Mrs. Champney; and The Governor's Daughter, by F. S. Brooks, open in an interesting way, and there are many delightful pictures, poems, jingles, etc. D. Lothrop & Co., publishers, Boston, Mass.

A picture of buds and blossoms, of a lad and lassie lingering under a tree in the soft sunlight opens *Cassell's Family Magazine* for June. An argument on the, Balloon of the Future, is well put in the form of a dream by Henry Frith, and followed by a Riverside Reverie in an entirely different vein. Arm Chairs—Ancient and Modern, traces the history of the arm chair from Assyria to London. The Largest Island in the World, is a careful description of New Guinea. A less cheerful paper is the one on An American Prison, by Walter Squires. The interest in the serials, A Diamond in the Rough; and Sweet Christabel is at high-water mark in this number; short stories and poetry are likewise good. The Reading Club and The Gatherer, appeal to those who regard their bodies. Cassell & Co., New York.

Nothing could be more acceptable to its large and cultivated audience than the leading contribution to the *Magazine of American History* for June. It is a critical study of the professional life and character of Charles O'Connor, by Chief-Justice Charles P. Daly, of New York. The second paper of the number is also noteworthy. The career of Judge Asa Packer, the founder of Lehigh University itself is handsomely and appropriately illustrated. The curious Antiquities of the Western States forms the subject of an informing article by J. M. Bulkley, LL. D. The Cave Myth of the American Indians, is ably discussed by George S. Jones; Elizabeth, England's Sovereign from 1558 to 1603, in the quaint costume of her time, is the frontispiece to the number. The other original articles are also good reading, and the departments of Original Documents, Reprints, Notes, Queries, Replies, Societies, and Book Notices, are admirably well filled. Published at 30 Lafayette Place, New York City.

ANCIENT TIME-KEEPING.—The barbarians who conquered Rome had very primitive modes of marking the course of time. At the break of day, when the chieftain of the camp or village rose, a boy slave came and took his position at the entrance of the hut, and sat there with two helmets, one full of pebbles and the other empty, before him. His business was to transfer the pebbles, one by one, from the first helmet to the second, and not too fast, after which he surrendered the position to some one else, who repeated the operation and so on until it became dusk. As the helmets were large and the pebbles small it took a good two hours to make the transfer. As as the helmet had been emptied, the fact was proclaimed through the camp by the striking of a sword against a shield, gong-fashion, at the chieftain's door. The echo was caught up, and all around the people knew that their dinner-time had come.

UNCLE: "Well, Tommy, what do you want now?" Tommy: "Oh, I want to be rich!" Uncle: "Rich! Why so?" Tommy: "Because I want to be petted; and mamma says you are an old fool, but, must be petted because you are rich—but its a great secret, and I mustn't tell!"

Humorous.

THE PLUMBER.

Who rules with such a tyrant sway
As our domestic bummer?
Who makes his wretched victims pay
So dearly as the plumber?

Like him who set old Rome ablaze—
That cruel, fiddling Nero—
Our ruthless despot always prays
To see the glass at zero.

One "hand" may give an hour to work:
The next for tools is hunting:
While one is roundly paid to shirk,
And only does the grunting.

And if we make the least complaint
That he will work no faster,
He splits the woodwork, smears the paint,
And rattles down the plaster.

He bothers our bewildered head
With faucet, plug and hopper:
And, being brass, while we are led,
Abstracts our final copper.

And when his exit beers the soul—
His slurs or fraud revealing—
A spurt from some neglected hole
Comes dripping through the ceiling.

Whole streets may fall, and break the banks;
All industry be worsted—
What cares he, so that attic tanks
And water pipes are bursted.

He sports kid gloves and diamond pin,
And eats the best of fodder;
And why? He gathers up the "tin"
By dexterous use of solder.

He all the winter makes his "hay,"
And charges—lucky plumber—
Six dollars for raw boys per day,
And yachts and shoots all summer.

—U. N. NONE.

A love letter may be said to be a writ of attachment.

Is it correct to speak of a sick lawyer as an ill legal man?

A boy who does things by halves—One who opens oysters.

We want to ask one question: "Can a person go around a square?"

A bit of advice from the blacksmith to his apprentice: "Be slow but shoer."

"Died in the wool," was what Tom wrote on the tombstone of his pet lamb.

The Sultan at Constantinople is named Osman Bey. His twenty wives make him sign his name O. Bey.

"Mamma," asked Carrie, "can you tell me what part of heaven people live in who are good but not agreeable?"

Telegraph poles are now so close together in this city that there is no longer any excuse for a drunken man falling down.

You may speak as you will of pedigree, generally, but in a sleeping-car it is a man's berth which raises him above his fellows.

If a man could only catch fish as easily as he can lie about it! laments a Texas editor. He could if he only understood fishing as well as he does lying.

Matilda's lover to her little sister: "Come, Myrtle, give me a kiss—only one." Little sister—"No, I won't; you asked sis for just one in the parlor, before dinner, and you took two."

"Run for the doctor, quick! Help! help! Dot baby has swallowed a nickel!" exclaimed Mrs. Schaumburg. "Great goodness, you make so mooch fess as if it was a twenty-dollar gold piece. Be calm, Rebecca," replied Mose.

The following letter was received by an undertaker from an afflicted widower—"My wife is ded, and wants to be berled to marrow at Wonner klock. I nose wair to dig the Hole—by the side of my other two wifes—let it be deep."

Little Amy, chidden for mischief, protested that Susan, the servant, had persuaded her. Said papa: "Tell me exactly what Susan said." "She said: 'You push that stand, miss, if you dare.'" "Them's my very words," interjected Susan. "And," pursued the little culprit, "I dared, so I pushed."

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Narrow Escape.

* * * ROCHESTER, June 1, 1882. "Ten Years ago I was attacked with the most intense and deathly pains in my back and —*Kidneys.*

"Extending to the end of my toes and to my brain!

"Which made me delirious!

"From agony!!!!

"It took three men to hold me on my bed at times!

"The Doctors tried in vain to relieve me, but to no purpose.

Morphine and other opiates!

"Had no effect!

"After two months I was given up to die!!!!

"When my wife heard a neighbor tell what Hop Bitters had done for her, she at once got and gave me some. The first dose eased my brain, and seemed to go hunting through my system for the pain.

The second dose eased me so much that I slept two hours, something I had not done for two months. Before I had used five bottles, I was well and at work as hard as any man could, for over three weeks; but I worked too hard for my strength, and, taking a hard cold, I was taken with the most acute and painful rheumatism all through my system that ever was known.

"I called the doctors again, and after several weeks they left me a cripple on crutches for life, as they said. I met a friend and told him my case, and he said Hop Bitters had cured him and would cure me. I pooked at him, but he was so earnest I was induced to use them again.

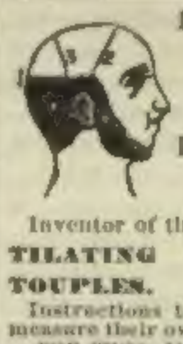
In less than four weeks I threw away my crutches and went to work lightly and kept on using the bitters for five weeks, until I became as well as any men living, and have been so for six years since.

It has also cured my wife, who had been sick for years; and has kept her and my children well and healthy with from two to three bottles per year. There is no need to be sick at all if these bitters are used,

J. J. BECK. Ex-Supervisor.

"That poor invalid wife, Sister, Mother,
"Or daughter!!!!
"Can be made the picture of health?
"with a few bottles of Hop Bitters!

☞ None genuine without a bunch of green Hops on the white label. Shun all the vile, poisonous stuff with "Hop" or "Hops" in their name.



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FOR WIGS, INCHES.	TOUPEES AND SCALPS, INCHES.
No. 1. The round of the head.	No. 1. From forehead back as far as bald.
No. 2. From forehead over the head to neck.	No. 2. Over forehead as far as required.
No. 3. From ear to ear over the top.	No. 3. Over the crown of the head.
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Latest Fashion Phases.

Browns and greens are the colors which predominate in the world of fashion. Browns include all shades from seal to beige, while greens are delicate and tender as the tints of the budding trees; colors so charming in nature, but so trying and rarely becoming to feminine faces. Its adoption in dress is another evidence of the despotic rules of fashion in selecting a color which brings out so harshly the imperfections of complexion which all women, with excusable vanity, try to conceal. However, green in all shades is seen in costume and bonnet, irrespective of its becomingness. Lace is another dominant chord in spring fashions, in costumes, bonnets and hats. A Bebe capote of cream woolen lace, and lined with colored silk, a puff of velvet encircling the face, is trimmed with a large bow of plain or many-colored velvet ribbon. A capote of gold tulle is very stylish made of the new Dainan tulle veiled with black lace; the trimming, a cluster of wings sprinkled with gold secured in the midst of a lace bow. But the most popular trimming is the bunch of flowers placed high on the hat—several varieties clustered together or a mass of roses, from pale pink to the deepest red.

A fashion among *les elegantes* is to adopt a favorite flower and wear it exclusively; some even have it embroidered on their costumes.

Materials *a jour*, or transparent, are among the most charming features to be seen in the shops. Woolen lace, which has been before described, will be exclusively used. It is principally either ecru, black or white, but is made in colors also. It is in reality a revival of the Yak lace fashionable many years ago, but it is now made much wider, whole skirts in fact are draped with it as with thread lace. A skirt of grey silk is edged with a silk pleating and is covered by a deep flounce of grey woolen lace. A drapery of grey merveilleux is arranged about the hips. The corsage is of merveilleux, ornamented with a fichu and cuffs of woolen lace.

Another toilette has a plain skirt of garnet velvet, edged by a flounce of black woolen lace embroidered with large garnet flowers. A lace drapery forms a short tablier in front, and is looped to the back on the tournure. The corsage of red faille, covered with lace, and ornamented in front with a red velvet waistcoat. A wide velvet sash encircles the waist and ties at the back; a large bow of black moire is placed on the left hip.

Woolen costumes, skirts, polonaises, or corsages, are trimmed with bands of insertion shaped to the figure. The bands consist of colored velvet, covered with woolen lace of the same color. A costume of electric-blue vicuna has a full skirt edged with three bands of short flame-coloured and bronze faille, covered with flame-colored woolen lace. A similar band hides the top of the full flounce or skirt, where it is sewn on the foundation. Above are two small but puffed blue paniers. The corsage is of blue vicuna, with shot faille plastron outlined with a faille and lace band.

In spite of the prevalence of straight skirts pleated into the waist, and plain skirts just pleated at the back, draperies are not excluded, that is the whole skirt is covered with draperies, like the skirt of two years ago. A very stylish toilette, from the hands of Worth, has the round skirt covered with pleated scarves, arranged in diagonal lines.

A stylish walking dress is of dark ecru etamine, figured with small stars. The full skirt is made up on fawn silk, edged with a flounce of ecru woolen lace. The long, full back drapery and paniers are of etamine, edged with lace. The corsage is of fawn silk, covered with etamine and edged with lace, the short basques forming two full box-pleats at the back. The fronts are open, edged with lace, and are filled in with a full etamine plastron, restrained at the waist by a belt of cardinal velvet. Bows of the same loop the paniers. The hat is the same fashionable London mode, with high crown and rather narrow brim: it is of soft, fine satin straw, of a pale fawn shade. It is trimmed with cardinal bows and feather. The sunshade is of ecru etamine and lace.

Draperies are for the most part marked by a graceful and varied irregularity. It is rare, indeed, for a tunic to be looped alike on both sides; one side is usually much longer than the other, and where the one falls in a long, straight line, the other will be a small round panier. Back draperies are very full, but the length is a matter of taste; a series of loops, or a long, pointed end, like the hood of a cloak, is a favorite method for woolen fabrics, beneath being a long, pleated breadth of the same material. Moire sashes are much worn; the ribbon is wide, and the watering should be strongly marked. They are much used to cover the left side of the skirt, exposed by the high looping of the polonaise which closes diagonally from right to left.

Among the novelties for cuffs and collars a new variety of trimming may be mentioned. This is a row of gold, steel, or silver braid, or jet passementerie, arranged round the collar, which closes on the left shoulder; a narrow edge of colored satin should show all round from beneath the collar and paremente.

With a black dress this little edging is frequently of ostrich feather. For a dress of blue woolen or velvet, a trimming of mixed steel and gold braid and an edging of old pink satin is effective, but many others colors go equally well. Blue or moss satin is decidedly effective with brown, "rose leaf" satin with moss green, &c.

It must be remembered that the satin edging must be merely a bias band, just peeping from beneath the edge of cuff or collar. A pleating or ruche is not admissible.

Unfortunately it is no longer fashionable to wear frills and crepe lisse ruches at throat and wrist, and scarcely anything is worn but plain cuffs and collars of batiste, which turn over the upright collar of the dress. Although this austere collar suits some pretty women to perfection, it is not so becoming to the generality as lace frills; but of course stiff collars are better than the hard line of the velvet dress collar, worn some months ago, without any relief of white.

Great taste is also displayed in the dog-collars that are now considered indispensable to every dress, whether intended for morning, noon, afternoon, or evening-wear.

They are made in plain velvet, pompadour ribbon, embroidered velvet, beaded velvet, and velvet studded with pearls and diamonds. Some also have rows of pearls and beads fastened to them in loops or fringes, in guise of necklets; and for evening, low-necked dresses—these look very pretty. Even when chains and necklets are worn round the neck, dog-collars are also worn round the throat. Black velvet and red velvet are the most worn. Chemisettes, both with and without sleeves, are worn under bodices opened down the front; the bodices being laced over the chemisette to prevent it bagging. For dinner, theatre, and other demi-toilette dresses, Bishop sleeves to match the chemisette are substituted for the dress-sleeves.

Very pretty, also, are the new white waistcoats, covered with gold embroidery, so much so that very little of the white ground is seen. The dress bodice is buttoned to each side of this waist-coat, or invisibly hooked to it.

One bonnet which I must not forgot to notice is of red tulle, covered with green tulle, with the crown covered entirely with the foliage of a water-plant. In front a large bow in red and green ribbon, and for strings two scarfs of red and green tulle. "Nothing can be more exquisitely *distingue* in its simplicity!" I heard a French lady say: "Well, really I cannot find out where the simplicity of this bonnet exists, can you? Nevertheless, it may exquisitely please some ladies; as I suppose it does!"

Domestic Economy.

The finest picture in the world may be deprived entirely of its significance and beauty by the hanging and surroundings. One of the cardinal principles necessary to learn about hanging pictures is the fact that the light on a picture should come from the same side as the light in the picture. A picture highly worked up in detail should be hung, too, closer to the eave than a strong, broad composition in which all the parts are put on in masses. Pictures immediately on the line of average sight, should be hung flat on the wall, while those above it should be slightly tipped forward. Large pictures in heavy frames should never be hung over sofas or chairs that are placed close to the wall. It is not agreeable to have a heavy weight swinging over one's head, no matter how secure from falling it may be.

Another frequent mistake in the arrangement of pictures is made in grouping them. Now groups of pictures can only be effective when there is harmony in subject and color, and similarity in framing. I went into an elegant mansion the other day, where I saw some fine old pictures and some excellent new ones, the effect of both of which was spoiled. Why? Because the serious mistake of hanging them together had been made. The old pictures and the new were both injured by the contrast.

No grosser absurdities are committed in the way of picture decorations than in the adornment of the walls of the average dining-room. Representations of strings of fish just hauled from the water and seeming yet to gasp for breath, groups of dead birds and noble deer struggling in the death agony or fleeing for life before the pursuers, are far from appetizing, and a perpetual plea for the doctrine of vegetarianism. But few pictures should ever be hung in the dining-room, and the greatest care should be taken in their selection.

Family pictures have no business in any room in the house but a strictly family room. No one is interested in them except the immediate family, and not once out of a hundred thousand times is a family picture a thing of beauty, or calculated to embellish the barest walls. And marriage certificates or any thing of that kind are not pictures at all, and should never have a frame about them. Some persons are afflicted with the strange notion that any thing with a frame about it is a thing of beauty and a joy to the beholder. I stopped at a farm house in Wisconsin last summer where the one ornament the wall possessed was an 18x24 gilt frame.

"I han't got no picture yit, but I thought I'd begin by gittin' the frame," said the lady of the establishment. Well, I painted her a nice, quiet little bit of wood interior for it, with a deer and fawn in the foreground, and was rewarded by the critical observation from the excellent woman that "the picture set off the frame real handsome." And she wasn't so far behind the ideas of many city folks whose opportunities have been wider. People have learned to desire pictures, but many of them have yet to learn how to use them. M. S.

The latest device for a centerpiece is sea-shells—the large, pink-lipped, opalescent-tinted conchs of the Bahamas. These are filled with flowers and vines and placed in a group in the middle of the table. The effect certainly is very pretty when two or three of the conchs form the apex of a little pyramid and are half hidden amid delicate sprays of ferns. The tier of shells next below should of course be larger, and should contain mosses, partridge berries, and ferns, while the very largest shells, that form the base of the pyramid, are arranged mouth outward and filled with roses and other bright flowers.

For light window curtains, materials are now in use which give variety to the old and well-worn imitation laces, which have so long figured as the "proper thing." From simple cheese cloth to Indian silks, one may go through a long list of materials more or less expensive, which may be used with good effect. Linen lawn and French organdie, with flower figures in delicate colors, are among the cheaper materials, and very effective. Turning to the more expensive materials, nothing is prettier than a monochrome India silk, which can bear an embroidered edge or silken fringe of the same color. White or cream-white Chinese crape with figures is made in charmingly delicate designs.

When it is desired to burn soft coal in a fireplace made for wood, a cheap basket grate may be made with hooked ends to fit on the andirons, so as to hang between them. It should not be made more than a couple of inches deep.

A simple method of decoration for the centre of uninteresting front door panels is found by inserting in geometric patterns some good-sized brass-headed tacks. If inserted before painting they may be made of the same color as the door.

The fat of chickens is said by a cake maker of great experience to be superior to the finest butter for making the most delicate cake. If the fat of boiled chickens is to be used, cook them without salt, and there will not be the slightest flavor of fowl.

A very appetizing soup for summer is made as follows: Wash, drain and chop fine a quart of sorrel, (rejecting any thick stalks,) a dozen sprigs of chervil and a small head of lettuce. Put two ounces of butter into a stewpan and set it on a good fire. When melted, add the sorrel, chervil and lettuce, and stir until cooked; then add two quarts of broth, and simmer gently for half an hour. Beat up the yolks of three eggs with one tablespoonful of water, and mix with the soup just as it is taken from the fire. Have some *croutons* in the soup tureen; pour the soup on them, and serve.

If you have any cold fish, mould it into balls with well-beaten egg, roll in powdered cracker or bread crumbs, and fry in boiling lard.

Try this way of cooking veal cutlets: Cover each cutlet with a dressing made of minced veal, bacon, fine bread crumbs, chopped parsley, salt and pepper to taste. Mixed with an egg well beaten. Put the cutlets in a buttered pan and bake. When done, take the cutlets out of the pan, pour over them some strained gravy in which a little celery has been cooked and serve with slices of lemon.

This way of preparing eggs makes an appetizing luncheon dish. Boil the eggs hard, and cut them in halves. Take out the yolks, and mix them with finely-grated cheese (Parmesan if you have it) fried bread crumbs, pepper and salt to taste. Refill the whites with the mixture, and the eggs on a bed of watercress.

An easily prepared dessert is the following: Beat up the yolks of three eggs and the white of one. Mix four tablespoonfuls of flour with one and one-half pints of milk, two ounces of fine powdered sugar and grated lemon peel to flavor. Add the beaten eggs to this, and boil gently until done. Put twelve or more macaroons in the bottom of a dish, pour a wine-glass of brandy or wine over them, and then the hot cream, and serve when quite cold.

The roots of a willow tree standing near a sewer in Batavia, N. Y., have grown inside the sewer tile, blocking it up almost completely and causing a damage to the village of about $1000.

Confidential Correspondents.

X. Y.—Answered last week.

H. L. S.—We have no means of knowing the facts.

SAM SON.—There is no drug in existence having the effect, when administered, of making the will of the person taking it subservient to some other person's will or inclination.

PRESS.—The gentleman seems to be easily swayed by the opinion of others. Show him that you have spirit and send him about his business. The world holds plenty more, and you will doubtless meet someone with more manliness by-and-by.

SOAPSUDS.—We know of no such book, and if we did we should not recommend it. Fortune telling, whether by cards or otherwise, is all nonsense and swindling, and people who practice it are liable to be taken up and dealt with as impostors.

J. B. G.—It is correct to call a United States senator a congressman, because he is a member of Congress, but it is much more appropriate to accord him the title of senator. In practice, a "congressman" has come to signify a member of the lower body.

P. L. R.—A limited partnership is one in which liabilities of the partners are limited to the capital individually invested in said business. Such a partnership can only be formed of three or more partners, and all so doing business are required invariably to follow their firm name with the word "limited."

HARRY E.—An engagement ring is simply a ring given as a pledge of an engagement. The style of it is a matter of taste. 2 and 3. You must do what you think proper yourself. No one can advise you on such a matter; how or when you give the lady a ring concerns only you and herself, and certainly no one can fix the length of an engagement but those immediately concerned in it.

OLIVER.—When two persons are introduced, both should rise from their chairs. When an introduction takes place between two men, it depends entirely upon the circumstances whether they should merely bow or shake hands. If introduced only by a common acquaintance, and no ties of friendship or intimacy exist between their respective families, then a mere bow suffices; but, in the other case, supposing, from circumstances, a friendship is likely to arise, the parties will shake hands.

LOTTIE.—Where the acquaintance had been an old one, and the lovers have known each other from childhood, there is then but little to learn. It is in those cases where a previous knowlege of each other has not been obtained—where the habits and principles are but little understood—that caution is so much required. A fair face and fine figure are not the best credentials. Yet are they the most obvious and the most likely to excite admiration. Time is required to find out what is within the beautiful exterior.

DARLING.—A rose signifies love. 2. You are quite old enough, and should have had sufficient experience of the world to be able to judge for yourself in the matter about which you ask advice. Too great a disparity between a man and wife is unadvisable, whichever happens to be the elder; but it is more objectionable when the lady has the advantage. There may not seem so much difference now, but as years go on you will find that a woman ages faster than a man, and that when you have begun to go down the hill, and feel an old woman, your husband will be in the prime of life, with all a man's strength and spirit about him. Still, of course, there are many instances in which such marriages as you speak of are suitable and happy; but yet we should say, pause before you make up your mind.

ESTHER.—In making presents, much depends upon the station in life of the individuals. For instance, a person in moderate circumstances may present a gift which is handsome when viewed in reference to his means, but which would be paltry in one of a larger fortune. And then, too, the age and tastes of the person to whom the gift is to be offered should be taken into consideration. Books to a gentleman who never reads, or a horse to one who never rides, or a gold watch to one who has two or three already, would be evidently out of place. But as a general rule, such articles as rings, pieces of plate or china, pictures of prints, books, writing-desks, dressing cases, portfolios, ink-stands, chess-men and boards, snuff-boxes, cigar-cases, etc., may be regarded as suitable presents between gentlemen; while articles of jewelry, work-boxes, books, church-services, etc., are appropriate presents from gentlemen to ladies.

PHONO.—If you are really anxious to become proficient as a shorthand writer you must not allow your native modesty to prevent you from taking advantage of any opportunities of practice that present themselves. It is perfectly allowable in a court of justice to take notes of the proceedings, even though you are not a professional reporter, and consequently have no admittance to the reporters' bench. You may also, if you choose, take down songs at a concert, or the words spoken at a theatre, although, if the song or play be copyright, you, of course, have no right to publish your notes. Where only short reports are given, as of a simple police case, reporters do not, as a rule, use shorthand, but prepare their copy for the printers as the proceedings go on. It is only particularly lazy persons, whose habit it is to do nothing until the very last moment, who take shorthand notes in such circumstances.

JULIANA.—Conversation is an art. It is not obtained by intuition, but by careful attention and long practice. It is not the best thinker or the most profound student that makes the best talker. Sometimes it is directly the reverse. Shallow people wonder at this, as if they expected genius or talent to be startling and galvanic, forgetting that shy men are usually the keenest observers. But, however this may be, conversational power is essential to those who mingle much in society. However lightly we may value the ore of the mine, we want small change, current coin for daily use. Conversation is the minted coinage of polite life—the circulating medium. The man who really knows how to talk agreeably is a prize. The requisites for a good talker are general information, clear perception, familiarity with the topics of the day, command of language, and an aptness for listening. A man may possess an immense amount of information without being able to communicate it to others: thus, for want of a clear perception, they may have all their information in one miscellaneous heap—an encyclopædia without alphabetical arrangement. Or, they may be exceedingly well informed on things remote, while they are totally ignorant of current events.